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TO

EUROPE *and* BACK!

— WITH INCIDENTS IN —

✦ SCOTLAND, IRELAND & ENGLAND ✦

— BY —

W. W. WILLOCKS.

183
PRESS OF THE
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INTRODUCTION.

WHEN these letters appeared in the columns of the NEW REPUBLICAN it was not our intention or purpose that they should assume any other form, and only at the solicitation of numerous friends, even put them in this small book form, without change, in the greatest simplicity of style, unworthy of criticism, the whole journey a chain of facts with but little coloring, and many worthy objects and places unnoticed, leaving the south of Europe and the east for the next visit under contemplation.

Respectfully yours,

Maysville, Ky., March 22, 1883.

W. W. W.

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ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

STATE OF TEXAS

1900

TO EUROPE AND BACK.

With Incidents in Scotland, Ireland and England, by
W. W. Willocks.

T is nothing unusual, but an incident of almost daily occurrence, to see a man with his traveling satchel slung across his shoulder and gripsack in hand, starting for Europe. Even ladies are not by any means backward in getting their sea-faring equipments ready, and signifying their intentions of accompanying their liege lords across the Atlantic. This is well, for a man alone on a journey of this kind presents but a sorry picture without the controlling influence and comforting power of a kind hearted woman. Unfortunately, to this miserable, lonely class, we belong, so I am very much afraid the description will be rather dry and commonplace. However, we will do our best, as some other person in the same condition may think of making the trip and may

be able to derive some benefit from the happenings on the route which we traveled

Having made up our mind to revisit the land of our nativity, dear old Scotia, on the 5th of June, we commenced to put our plans into execution, so in the company of our genial friend, captain T. we stepped on board the good steamer *Bonanza*, en route for Europe, undecided as to the actual route or steamship line we should take. Leaving and leave taking is not a very pleasant business, so we will omit this sentimental part. It is not the leave taking that makes one feel badly, but the kindly actions, good wishes and hearty hand shaking, that causes the heart to throb, and perhaps moisten the eye, however hardened we may be, but although we do drop a tear, it must not be considered unmanly, for a heart that cannot have some emotional expression of gratitude for kindness received, that person had better stay at home and live and die in his own conceit. As the steamer stood out towards the middle of the river and sped rapidly down the stream on the bosom of the beautiful Ohio, we could not help casting a longing look on the receding forms of those true, kind hearts, that had gathered on the wharf to say God speed. You need not doubt that our lingering gaze rested on dear old Maysville, the fair little city resting so cozily at the foot of those green Kentucky hills, and not until the dim outlines of the houses disappeared in the distance, could our eyes turn from what we were leaving behind. But, up, merry heart, we must mingle with the shifting world. June the 6th finds us in the Queen City, doing our best to drive a good bargain with the various R. R. and S. S. ticket agents. Finally, after considerable maneuvering, we decided on the Quebec route, as it would cost us very little more than *via*. New York and give us an opportunity of seeing the beautiful and majestic scenery along the St. Lawrence river. Having read and heard so much about the pleasures of a sail towards the gulf, we were not disappointed, for it proved very pleasant indeed. Having arranged all of our exchanges, drafts, &c., which, by the way, ought always to be done before starting, thus obviating all trouble afterwards, as a draft on the Bank of England is good in any part of Great Britain, and a letter of credit easily

obtained for any part of Europe, but not for such a small amount as could be given in the shape of a draft. The cost of tickets to Quebec is \$26, including meals on board the steamers part of the way, only \$10 in excess of *via* New York. Steamship fare from Quebec to Liverpool, is \$65 and \$40 according to location, but a little discount can be had from these figures by holding out a little. At 1:30 p. m. we are speeding on the way towards Cleveland. At Crestline an amusing episode occurred which was nearly attended with serious consequences. Two friends had made up their minds to have a drink while the cars were waiting. The one was from the Faderland and the other a worthy representative of the Emerald Isle. Fritz Hummell invites Mike to have a beer. The persuasive eloquence of Mr. Hummell so beguiled the ear of his friend, and wasted the time, that neither of them noticed that the train was in motion. On becoming aware that he was being left behind, Mike shouted at the top of his voice (which by the way was equal to the whistle of a locomotive) "hould on Mr. conductor, plaze, we are going along wid yees." "Oh, mine God," yelled Mr. Fritz Hummell, "you shust be after starting them cars that did not stop. Mine friend Mike must not be left behind after he gits aboard." Finally both the cronies were dragged up the steps amidst many threats and curses, and on we sped. Captain T. was happy, he had purchased a piece of nice spring chicken, but we soon noticed a frown in his countenance, it proving only to be the wing of a centennial rooster. At 10:15 p. m. Cleveland is reached. A fine city on Lake Erie, a good depot, having the Brush electric light for lighting purposes. We are now on the Lake Shore Road, for Erie and Buffalo. At 1 a. m. the former place is reached. Leaving Erie in the distance, we were soon horrified to hear the conductor call out Ashtabula, the name almost chilled us with horror, however no accident happened this time. At 4 a. m. we reach the quaint old city of Buffalo; have five hours to spare and take a look at the city. Observing a door plate with the name Vennor on it, we asked a policeman whetuer the weather prophet lived there, but were chilled by the reply that it was only a dentist that occupied the premises. June 9; leave at 9 a. m. for Niagara, which place

is reached about 10 a. m. This hour's ride is through a beautiful fruit country, the apple trees being in full bloom, a good deal later than in old Kentucky. Little need be said of the falls, as they have been so often and ably described by others. Suffice it to say, then, that they are majestic, grand, sublime. Leaving the falls at 11 a. m. we take the cars and shoot down a deep declivity, the turbulent waters of the Niagara roaring, foaming and hissing beneath us as we rush along its precipices, where we make the connection with the steamer *Chicora*, seven miles below the fall. Here are the remnants of a bridge, which at one time connected Lewiston, on the American side, with that of Queens-town, on the Canadian side. This bridge was destroyed by ice in the winter of 1864. As we pass down the river we notice on the heights to the left the Brock monument, with a colossal statue on the top of the dome. At the mouth of the river are the two villages, Youngstown on the American side, and Niagara on the Canadian side. Old forts are to be seen at these places. At 1 p. m. we are speeding across Lake Ontario. Captain T. believes he is going to be sick. Advise him to have a good dinner which makes him all right again. Lose sight of land at this point. At 2 p. m. reach the beautiful city of Toronto, a very fine place, but we have not time to describe it, her majesty's officers eyeing us suspiciously as we stepped from the *Chicora* to the steamer *Corsican* which was waiting to convey us to Montreal. Here a little discrepancy occurs in regard to our tickets, but all is set right in a few minutes, when we start across the lake in a north easterly direction towards Kingston, a strongly fortified place one hundred and twenty-seven miles from Montreal. Have very good meals on this steamer, but on the whole we are not favorably impressed with the average Canadian. Although some are kind and courteous, many are cold and austere. We are again out of sight of land, pass a very pleasant night, with perhaps pleasant dreams of those we had left behind and bright anticipations of the grand sights awaiting us on the morrow, when we would pass through the Thousand Islands. So, full of these thoughts, let us rest while the good steamer is wafting us over the lake at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

LETTER NO. 2.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

On June 8th, at 4:10 a. m., we were aroused from our slumbers by the *Corsican* blowing her whistle for Kingston. Here we found that there would be an hour to spare, so we took the opportunity of seeing a little of the city while the steamer was laying in a supply of wood, which seemed to be very plentiful at this point. There are no buildings of particular interest in Kingston, but it is a clean, neat, and apparently well-kept city, with wide streets, good fire department, and extensively fortified, being the third city in the Dominion in this regard. The best hotel in the place is the British American. A settlement was begun here by the French about the year 1762.

Though the hour was early, yet we had the pleasure of meeting a solitary pedestrian, out no doubt, for the purpose of earning a morning dram. He seemed very polite and anxious to show us the principal places of interest. The hands of the clock were pointing to 5, so we gave him a United States dime, and bade him adieu. We were not certain whether our money would pass, but the gentleman appeared to be satisfied, that he could obtain the desired drink for it. We thought so too. The best money in the world; of course it would pass! We mail some letters at this place, and at 5 a. m. the steamers bell sounded and we again stood out from the pier. Soon leaving Kingston far behind, we found ourselves after breakfast at the commencement of the beautiful and justly famous "Thousand Islands." We were a little out of sorts caused by the curious stiffness of the people at the breakfast table, but all unkind feelings were very soon dispelled by the beautiful sight that greeted the eye in every direction. We were for the time being spell bound, and felt as though we could bow the head in honor of nature's grandeur. Pen cannot begin to give a description of the grand, magnificent and sublime scenery on which the eye rested, although it looked a little gloomy, and

indeed, rained a little in the early part of the morning. It soon cleared off and became bright and pleasant giving us the full benefit of seeing and admiring the beauties around us. These beautiful islands or islets extend over a distance of fifty-five miles towards Brockville and Prescott. There are upwards of two thousand of these woody, rocky islets, of every imaginable shape, size and appearance, some being mere specks a few yards in extent, while others covered several acres, thickly wooded and presenting the most charming appearance of rich foliage conceivable. We have often seen a panoramic view of this delightful scenery on canvass, but the original far surpasses the efforts of the painter's brush. At times our vessel passed so close to these islands that a pebble might have been cast on their shores. While standing on the bow of the steamer looking ahead, it appeared as if further progress was completely barred, when rounding the points amid winding passages and bays the way gradually opened before us. Again the river seems to come to an abrupt termination but as we approach the threatening shores a channel suddenly appears, and we are hurled into a beautiful amphitheatre or lake, apparently bounded on all sides by a soft bank of forest green. As we approach this leafy boundary the scene is changed as suddenly as if by the wand of a magician, and a hundred little isles appear in its place. Endless varieties of gay plumaged song birds are fluttering about, exchanging morning greetings with each other. Wild fowl are also plentiful near the larger islands while fish in large quantities and of great size are to be seen sporting about in the clear water, giving a good opportunity of seeing them. Of course we could not tell the different species and did not have time to stop to make enquiry, they looked however, as if they might be fit for an American to eat if properly prepared.

A good many cottages, summer residences and beautiful villas are to be seen dotted all through these islands. On one of them Mr. Pullman, of palace car fame, has erected a neat summer villa. There are no doubt many romantic stories in connection with these beautiful islands during the war of 1812, and even stories of love and devoted affection are told as happening among them, and, as in every true romance, woman,

always courageous and self-sacrificing, largely figures. But we must not stop to enquire about this, else we may not be able to get back to Europe at all, so pass through these beautiful isles of the lake and reach Brockville at 10 a. m., thence making our way to Prescott at the rate of twenty miles an hour, for be it understood that our steamer runs on time. In this regard we cannot help thinking of the old Kentucky Central Railroad, always behind time and out of joint. We are now in the St. Lawrence proper, and swiftly gliding along; at 11:30 we are at Prescott a small place. If you wish to go to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, you take the cars at this point, a three hours ride. A little below this place we notice the ruins of a windmill, said to be a celebrated place, hence called Wind Mill Point. We are now nearing the great rapids of the St. Lawrence. At 1 p. m., we find ourselves passing rapidly down the Long Sault. This is very exciting, the vessel is carried onward without steam at the rate of twenty and twenty-five miles an hour. The water presents the appearance of the ocean in a storm, but the steamer lacks the ordinary turning and pitching of the sea. The going down hill by water produces a novel sensation. These rapids are nine miles in length. It requires four men at the wheel and the tiller to ensure safe steering. Here a little incident occurred which caused some alarm. The tables had been spread for dinner, when the swift current caught the steamer, causing her to lurch and lean over to one side, scaring many of the passengers and demolishing quite a large quantity of crockery and glassware. But we are soon in smooth water again and have a good dinner notwithstanding this mishap. We now pass through lake St. Francis, about forty miles across, after which we enter the Coteau or Cedar rapids. These are not so long as the former, but the passage is very exciting. As the vessel glides from one ledge of rock to another, one holds his breath, as we watch her from the deck, expecting every moment to see and feel her strike. But a careful, steady and skillful hand is at the helm and we pass in safety.

A little below this the Ottawa river joins the great St. Lawrence. This is a very muddy stream and it runs many miles before it loses its identity. Next comes the greatest of all, the Lachine rapids, here our

steamer is impelled onward through a narrow opening between massive ledges of rock, a few feet to one side or the other, and the vessel would have been dashed to pieces but the strong arm of our pilot takes it fair, holds her steady, and we pass through the last of the rapids in safety. We are now within sight of the spires, turrets and smoke stacks of Montreal, the metropolis of the country. By the way we have now Canadian soil on both sides of the river. The celebrated Victoria bridge looms up in the distance. We watch it very closely as the steamer passes underneath. This is certainly a grand structure, tubular in form. It was with some difficulty that we were able to count the number of piers, our vessel being so swift. The tube through which the trains pass (the Grand Trunk R. R.) rests upon twenty-four piers and is one and one-quarter miles long. We cannot give a minute or lengthy detail of this great work in this sketch, for remember that we are bound for Europe, and therefore must hurry along. Suffice it to say, that it is the grandest piece of engineering skill of the century, costing upwards of seven millions of dollars. We are now at Montreal, a beautiful city, with fine docks, and splendid buildings, grand hotels, and numerous Catholic religious institutions. We have not time to numerate them all, for onward is our motto at present. This city contains about one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, and is the largest city in the Dominion. Here we are transferred from the *Corsican* to the steamer *Montreal*, there awaiting us, and leave promptly at 7 p. m.. This vessel is a good deal larger than the former, large vessels not being suitable for shooting the rapids, or getting up by way of the canals made for the purpose of avoiding the swift current. The evening is a little cool, but pleasant. Have good music on board from this point, one of the musicians, who performed on the flute, reminding us very much of our old friend; Jacob Outten, Jr. The gentleman was very polite and dignified, and we tried to think whether we had ever heard of uncle Jake playing on the flute, but could not remember of him doing anything of the kind, and so dismissed the idea as it could not be him. Captain T. I think, engaged him to play several bluegrass airs. The scenery on this part of the river is not so grand, al-

though very interesting. Our steamer is running very rapidly and on getting up after a pleasant night's rest, we find ourselves among the great timber regions, for many miles the river being full of rafts. Finally the ancient city of Quebec, the Gibraltar of the west, is reached on June 9th, at 6:30 a. m. We have a day to spare here, and secure a good hotel at \$1 50 per day. Very good fare, but Captain T. could not relish fresh haddock. We enjoyed it very much, and added his share to our own. We took a look at the fine steamship that was to convey us across the Atlantic, and picked out suitable berths, after which we have time to see something of this strongly fortified city on the hill. Our friend Captain T. engaged in a desperate flirtation with some young ladies in an Indian bazar store while we were attentively listening to a young lady describing and discussing the merits of an inclined railway, on which we had come down. The next move was to call on the governor general and the princess Louise, who were then staying at the citadel, but we did not see either of them at this time. The hour was too early perhaps, of course we can assign no other reason for not seeing them. So we had to be satisfied with examining the guns, ammunition etc., and taking a look at the building in which the royal lady lived. The soldiers seeing us somewhat disappointed, were kind enough to show us a dozen large dogs belonging to the marquis of Lorne, and even were so polite as to allow us to peep in at the door of the stables and take a look at the rear part of his excellency's horses. However we were satisfied that this fortress was one of great strength, for our friend who has a knowledge of such matters assured us that there could be no possible way of taking the place unless by reducing it to starvation. The people here are for the most part French, with a few Irish in the lower part of the city. Captain T. said he knew very well what the Frenchmen said, but not could not understand what they wanted. On the whole we spent a very pleasant day in this historic city, there are so many places of interest that we cannot begin to describe them all. We visited the house and went into the small room in which general Montcalm held his last council of war, and where he finally died. But we must hurry on and bid adieu to this

grand old place. Next morning, June 10th finds us on board the fine steamship, *Parisian*, of the Alan line. At 9:30 a. m. the moorings are loosened and we stand out towards the middle of the river, under cover of the guns of the citadel. The princess Louise and her husband appear on the balcony and wave their handkerchiefs, while a salute or three guns are fired from the fort, our ship returning a similar salute.

We are now in latitude $46^{\circ} 48'$ north, and longitude $71^{\circ} 15'$ west, and finally on our way towards the Atlantic.

LETTER NO. 3.

ON THE ATLANTIC.

On leaving the grand city of Quebec and its fortifications, we could not repress the strange feeling of sadness which came over us, for it was bidding adieu to the shores of America.

While in this mood our thoughts turn to the great heroes who figured in the earlier history of the country, who had fought and won their way to fame, and whose names, ever illustrious, will be handed down through the coming ages. Chief among these are the lamented Wolfe, to whose memory the people have erected a suitable monument, Murray, Montgomery and many others whose ashes are resting in peace while the brave spirits are gone to meet the God who gave them. As we drop down the stream there is a good opportunity of viewing the city towering on the heights above us. Directly opposite on the south bank of the river, is Point Lévis, where there are also great fortifications and many large guns pointing us towards the sea. There is no annoyance from low water at this point, for the *Great Eastern* might cruise here at any season of the year, ice in the winter being the only barrier. Nine miles below Quebec and we come to the beautiful cascade or falls of Montmorenci. These falls which are situated in a beautiful nook of the river are considerably higher than Niagara, being over two hundred and fifty feet, but they are not very wide, being only about fifty feet in breadth. We obtained a fine view of them as our boat glided down the river. For a hundred miles on either side the scenery is very pretty indeed, more soft and pleasing than it is some distance above the city. Passing down we notice the river St. Anne as it empties into the St. Lawrence about seventy miles below Quebec, thence onward twenty miles more and we are in what is called Murray's bay. A beautiful village is here seen situated very picturesquely among the frowning hills and wild scenery, the river here being near twenty miles in width. At 10 p. m. our steamer

sounds her whistle, shuts off steam, and lays out in the river opposite Tadousac, a neat little village at the mouth of the Saguenay river, the largest tributary of the great St. Lawrence. Here we receive the latest mail for Europe and push on towards the ocean.

A little merriment took place before retiring for the night and as the fun was not at our expense it was consequently the more enjoyable. It appears that there had been several tickets sold in excess of the number of berths, the parties thus crowded out being justly a little indignant, but the officers did all in their power to make each one comfortable and remedy the oversight as far as possible, and soon succeeded in having the satisfaction of seeing every one happy and contented with the solitary exception of a portly lady from Chicago, who absolutely refused to be pleased or comforted. The woman finally became very indignant and abusive. She soon gave the officers to understand where she came from, and informed them in a more spirited than elegant manner that she did not propose to be imposed upon, for she had not lived sixteen years in Chicago for nothing. After all she had to make the best of it, for on board a steamship out at sea you have only one choice, and that is submission, for you cannot so very easily change steamers at the first way-landing, however uncomfortable your quarters may be. Of course the officers never lose sight of this fact for there is not the least intention on their part of touching *terra-firma* until we reach the shores of Erin.

Sunday, June 11th, finds us still speeding down the St. Lawrence, the coast or shore on either side being very rugged and the landscape barren, only a scanty undergrowth of dwarfish pine trees covering the distant hills. Although nearly midsummer snow is to be seen in many places among the ravines near the summit of the mountains. We have divine service at four bells—10 a. m.—just somewhat as it is on shore, only moderately well attended. At noon the usual observations are made and we find ourselves in latitude 45° 22' longitude 62° 10' the distance run during the last twenty-four hours being three hundred miles or knots, the knot being a little over a mile. Water smooth, weather rather cool, wind west by north, no sickness visible. On June 12th we find ourselves in

the gulf of St. Lawrence with the water getting rougher and many of our fellow passengers feel themselves just sick enough to be uncomfortable, having but little desire to renew the pleasant conversation of yesterday. Even our loquacious friend, captain Tudor, failed to keep up the animated description of the celebrated bluegrass country, and the fine breed of fast trotting horses raised in that region, for he had really grown eloquent on this subject the day before. Although somewhat squeamish we did not become really sick. This sickness caused by the motion of the vessel at sea is something that breaks one entirely up and lays them out sooner than any other malady we know of. All kinds of remedies are prescribed for it, both in the way of eating and drinking, and partaken of frequently and in large quantities, for you are feeling so badly that you must take something, but from experience and observation our remedy is different and very simple. It is; do nothing, take nothing in the shape of food, until there be some feeling of hunger, and drink just as little as possible. Generally about the third day there will be a desire for something to eat; when this feeling comes, take a small wine glass full of brandy. This will settle the stomach and after that you will get along nicely, with health and appetite daily increasing. Weather cool and very foggy. Distance run during the past day, two hundred and sixty miles, have to shut off steam to guard against accidents. At 7 p. m. lose sight of the coast of Newfoundland and with cape Race disappears the last of the American continent. Our captain is very cautious and careful, and has wisely decided not to take the nearest route through the straits of Belleisle, for he expected to meet a good deal of ice, and the morning proved the correctness of his ideas. On the 13th of June, at 6 a. m. we see some very large icebergs, and a grand sight it was. The largest one was about one hundred yards over our port bow, in the shape of some old ruinous castle or gothic-built cathedral, with many spires and turrets, snowy white and towering many feet above the waves. These gigantic masses of ice are supposed to be two-thirds under water, thus proving very dangerous customers, not giving any warning or paying the least attention to signals, so that great caution has to be used in foggy weather which is

almost certain to be found in this latitude. Many small bergs are to be seen during the day drifting astern of us.

Here we have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a worthy representative of "Old Caledonia," in the person of old Sandy Campbell, who after forty years sojourn in Canada, like ourself was on his way to pay a visit to his native land. He was a true Scotchman and very pleasant company, the broad dialect sounding very familiar in our ears. Many an old story or legend was told by him with great gusto, and he repeated sweet Scotch songs and for our benefit sung the "Bonnie House o' Arlie," this being a place we knew well. Many a talk was had about the stormy petrel and mother Carey's chickens, and the habits of sea fowl generally. This old friend was capable of producing merriment in any company he happened to be in. We took observations at noon and found the distance we had traveled for the past day was three hundred and seventeen miles. Heavy swell in the water, weather rather cool, very foggy with head winds and we shut off steam after dark. On June 14th the water was smooth again with cool weather and light winds. Great schools of porpoises are seen swimming along with us on the lee side of the vessel, and whales can be descried blowing in the distance. We are now in what is known to mariners as the gulf stream, the temperature of the water indicating that we are now getting out of the range of ice. Observations at noon are taken with much difficulty on account of the thick and cloudy weather, but as near as it is possible to ascertain we are in latitude $48^{\circ} 29'$ longitude $45^{\circ} 54'$ the distance traveled since last observation being two hundred and thirty miles. A cool drizzly rain sets in with the wind north by east. June 15th opens bright with fair winds. Fore top sail set, also fore and aft main trysail shaken out, water a good deal rougher with heavy swell. All the passengers being fully recovered many kinds of amusements are in progress on deck. The day being warm and pleasant, we took the opportunity of examining the vessel. It is truly a fine ship of large dimensions, length four hundred and fifty feet, width across beam, forty-eight feet, depth fifty-one feet, water line twenty-eight feet. She is propelled by powerful en-

gines, her furnaces consuming one hundred and ten tons of coal every twenty-four hours. The entire structure is built of steel, with water-tight compartments, her tonnage registering five thousand five hundred and fifty tons. The steering gear is also worked by steam having a small engine for that purpose. But we must hurry on and not go into details. June 16th was bright with occasional showers, sea much rougher and a very heavy swell in the water makes it very unpleasant. We take observations and calculate distance traveled since last report which foots up three hundred and forty-eight miles. Weather moderate and a little showery, wind fair and very light. Saturday, the 17th, is cold and very blustery with showers. Sea running high. Sail seen last night but too far off for hailing. Our large family are in excellent spirits and have bright hopes of seeing land on the morrow. Wind fair and cool. We signal a steamship after supper by means of lights. She proves to be one of the Alan liners outward bound from the Clyde, for Quebec and Montreal. Sunday, the 18th, we are nearing land. Still cool and showery. A steamer visible ten miles to starboard, the *Montreal*, of the Dominion Line, bound for Liverpool. We soon leave her far astern. At 2 p. m. we sight land, cape Clear, and the dim and rugged outlines of the mountains of Donegal. By and by the coast of old Ireland is distinctly visible, and at 6 p. m. we are passing Inchtrail lighthouse and can also distinguish the celebrated Giant's Causeway. The coast here is very rugged and barren, dangerous rocks stretching far out into the sea. At 8 p. m. we are in loch Foyle where passengers are landed for Glasgow and Derry. Captain T. was a little afraid that the British officers might nab him for a suspect and at first he thought of remaining below, but finally mustered up courage enough to stay on deck and see part of our family disembark, but all passed off quietly and no questions asked. We left loch Foyle at 9 p. m. channel a little rough. The country here has a yellowish hue in place of the famous emerald green, whole fields being covered with wild mustard. The first salute we received from Hibernia was the loud braying of a donkey grazing by the seashore. Monday, the 29th and last day, we are in the Irish sea, with the Isle of Man on our larboard, a quiet looking

pastoral spot. At 11 a. m. we enter the Mersey, and are soon in full view of the famous commercial city of Liverpool. Our ship anchors in the offing and a tender carries us to the pier after giving and receiving three ringing cheers. By noon we are again on *terra-firma*, distance from loch Foyle, one hundred and ninety miles, total distance from Quebec, two thousand eight hundred and fifty miles, making the passage in nine days and two hours. Captain T. felt a little uneasy about passing the custom house officers. Knowing what could be accomplished by a good drink of whisky at home in Kentucky, he thought the same plan would work here, for we overheard him telling the British officer, that he had a drop of real good old Kentucky bourbon whisky. How he succeeded we cannot say, for we were at that moment jostled out of hearing distance. But we do not think that the examination was very strict, even though our friend with his valise slung over his shoulder, did look, to say the least, very suspicious.

LETTER NO. 4.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO SCOTLAND.

The city of Liverpool is second to no other port in the United Kingdom for its commerce and tonnage of shipping, and especially in its interests in the United States, the number of steamships plying across the Atlantic to the different American ports being perhaps, more than three times greater than any other city in the world. Its streets are moderately wide, the buildings massive, and, to American eyes, altogether too substantial, while the parks and gardens in the suburbs are certainly very pretty. Taking it all in all, one does not observe any material difference in the general appearance of the place from one of the large cities on our own side of the Atlantic, but in the country and the people there is very much of contrast, and to this we turn our attention more than in describing large cities and their buildings. This has been done so often and ably by others that it would only be going over the usual tourists' route. Our purpose is to see the people, what they are doing, the way they live, and how they fare compared with a couple of decades ago; to do this we must ramble a good deal in the rural districts and mingle with the peasantry. In this there is a good deal of pleasure to be found.

It is with the deepest regret that we part with our genial friend, Captain T. we had the pleasure however of seeing a good many of the sights in Liverpool together. Good hotel accommodations can be found here at six shillings, and sixpence, (\$1 50) per day, beer extra. Of course the bill of fare is widely different from ours, but very good. Their method of serving meals was not altogether new to us, but on the whole it did appear very funny. Captain T. calls for batter cakes. The attendants become nonplussed and suppose that he is speaking in some of the dead languages, for they had doubtless never heard of such a dish before. In-

deed they seemed to have serious doubts of our sanity, but when the captain asked for roasting ears for dinner, they were fully satisfied that he was off his balance mentally. In explaining that it was corn that the gentleman wanted, we had the mortification of finding ourselves set down as a finished crank, for they very promptly informed us that in her majesty's dominions they feed their horses on corn, (meaning oats) our corn not growing in that country. We were afraid to ask for any other American dishes, partaking of what was set to us and asking no questions. By the way this is the wisest course to pursue when traveling, but it is too often lost sight of to the great annoyance of oneself and everybody around them, but after all we fare excellent in "merrie old England." After dining, most of the artisan class indulge in a little pleasure in the shape of a pot or glass of beer, or more frequently a tankard of "'alf and 'alf," finishing with a pipe of fine-cut tobacco, long clay pipes, being furnished with the beer. The same programme is often renewed after the labors of the day are over, small apartments being fitted up in the taverns where friends can meet and spend a social hour over a glass of nappy ale and a pipe.

One of the principal sights in Liverpool is its fine docks, their great extent and fine masonry being unsurpassed by any city in the world. There is not much manufacturing business carried on here, but Birkenhead, her sister city just across the river, supplies any deficiency in this regard, for this large city is a perfect labyrinth of smoke stacks, furnaces, din and bustle. And while this great panorama of mercantile industry is before us, our thoughts turn towards our native land and the eye often gazes lovingly northward.

So on midsummer day, at 10 o'clock, a. m. we find ourselves at Lime street station, on the London and Northwestern Railway, grasping our friend by the hand and bidding him good bye before starting on the journey northward. Moving out of the depot we immediately enter quite a lengthy tunnel, passing through it we are once more in the country. Here we begin to notice the change of atmosphere and landscape so different from our American scenery. There is a strange subdued softness of feeling in the atmosphere that

seems odd to us. Although the day is fine and apparently clear, yet we cannot find the pure, bright, blue skies of America. There is a sort of limpid haze nearly akin to our Indian summer, and the scenery and in fact all of the surroundings seem to be imbued with the same softness. There is not such diversity of objects nor does the general landscape stand out so bold and prominent as that to be found in our western home. There is considerable difference in the system of railroad accommodations, the cars or carriages as they call them, being much smaller than ours and divided into compartments having an entrance to each on the side, and the platform being on a level with the door, you step right in and take your seat. A compartment will hold about eight persons. This system has its disadvantages and its good points also, but it altogether depends on the company you come in contact with. If you happen to meet with noisy or disagreeable traveling companions then our American system is fifty per cent. better; but if you have the good fortune to get into pleasant society, say, for instance, where there are several of the fair sex; we always aimed for this if possible, and found it very pleasant and ninety-nine per cent better than our lumbering, big cars at home, for we were not often troubled with them smoking, and very seldom disturbed by the production of a whisky bottle. No tickets are sold or checked on board but the collectors are very expert at punching the tickets, the train stopping at certain stations for that purpose. They are very careful, always securing the door on the opposite side of the platform, so that passengers cannot get out on the track. We are now moving along very rapidly. Pass St. Helens, a beautiful suburban village, near this are very extensive coal and lime works; passing many neat way stations we soon reach Standish, a rather quaint place. The surrounding country is very pretty with fine, small farms and beautiful scenery. Onward a few miles further and we again notice that our train is nearing another large city. We cross the river Ribble and are at Preston, a large city of some two hundred thousand inhabitants, evidently a very prosperous place. Along the banks of the river for many miles nothing is to be seen but elegance, taste and refinement, beautiful villas, costly mansions and grounds most

tastefully laid out on the gently undulating banks of the stream. A most magnificent depot is in course of construction here, which, when finished, will be one of the finest railroad stations in the country.

Leaving Preston we pass through the most charming of English scenery. We cannot begin to do it justice. Rich fields of waving grain ripening for the harvest, the soft, sweet fragrance of the new-mown hay, the hedgerows laden with the sweetness of the hawthorn blossom, the daisies and buttercups raising their white and yellows heads in bright profusion, scattered over the green meadows and rich pasture fields; fine cattle lazily cropping the luxuriant green herbage; artistically, rounded clusters of trees dotted over the fields and pastures; large tracts of turnips just appearing in the seed of life; fields of potatoes in long, straight furrows, presenting different shades of green according to variety; and scattered thickly around were beautiful white cottages and farm houses, neat villas with beautiful surroundings, and old manor houses almost hidden from view by sturdy oak trees that had withstood the storms of many winters. Every few miles we are passing a busy city or village. Scranton, a neat place with beautiful surroundings; Colgate, a neat, old place with fine pasture lands adjoining; East Haven on the coast, with a fine stretch of dazzling white pebbly beach. Then comes Canuforth and we are in the vicinity of the celebrated Westmoreland lakes. At Oxenholme there are railroads that will soon take you to lakes Windermere and Derwentwater. Passing here the scenery becomes very rugged. At Tobay the country is very sterile and hilly, for we are among the Cumberland mountains. Here we notice the first sprig of heather at the sight of which our heart bounded with delight. This is quite a sheep farming country, for we notice many fleecy flocks grazing on the slope of the rugged mountain side. At Clifton we are still among the mountains, but the country is not so unproductive as that we had been passing through for the past eight or ten miles. Several fine farms are to be seen in some beautiful nooks of the mountains. Here is a junction for Appleby and the east coast. A few miles further on is Penrith, quite a large neat looking place, in the valley of Cumberlandshire. You can take a short cut from here to Derwent-

water. At Carlisle we are nearing the Border and will soon behold and set foot on our native land. Carlisle is quite a large, fine city, clean and very neat in appearance. Here the railroad company have an excellent method of furnishing luncheon for passengers. It consists of small baskets of provisions put up by the company, the contents and price being noted on the cover; a piece of chicken, cold meat, bread and butter, and a few cakes. Of course there are different sizes and prices; one shilling, twenty five cents; one shilling and sixpence, forty cents; these you take into the car with you and partake of at your leisure. Notices are posted up in the cars: "Please leave the basket," hooks being provided for that purpose. This is the best idea of lunch we have ever seen, no hurry or bustle, no conductor pulling the bell and warning passengers that they might get left behind, thus frightening them out of a good dinner. While enjoying this strangely got up lunch, our train is fast approaching the famous and historic Gretna Green. Very little is to be seen, only a few scattered houses, one with a low thatched roof is said to be the identical building in which Rory Bain, the blacksmith, made many a runaway couple happy, by pronouncing them husband and wife. On passing this place we could not help thinking of our matrimonial friend, esquire Beasley, of Aberdeen, the Gretna Green of America. Had our friend captain T. been with us at this point there is no telling what thoughts might have come into his head, for to say the least, it does make one feel rather badly to pass and look upon the very spot where so many have been united and made happy, while we are left severely alone in all the solitude and grandeur of single blessedness. But in all seriousness this is a very fitting spot to secure a companion, for it is one of the most solitary, woe-begone, deserted looking spots we have ever seen. Indeed, we even hinted to some of our fair passengers that it was rather lonesome, but an ominous shake of the head convinced us that they were not altogether ready to step out of the cars and interview the famous smith, we had a good deal of merriment, however, over Gretna Green and its associations. We understand that there have been no weddings at this place for many years, but many a merry bridal party has assembled

here at this quaint old house, on the border between England and Scotland, giving rise to many a legend and romance. Leaving Gretna Green the scenery becomes decidedly Scottish, for we are now passing through that part of the country which James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," has so beautifully described in his songs and poems, making us familiar with every bit of scenery we are passing through. Quite a pastoral spot is this among the Cheviot hills. Now our train is nearing the country of Burns, for we are already in sight of the winding Nith, while stretching away to the left is Annandale. Our conductor calls out Leherbie, and we will soon be in the valley of Ayr.

LETTER NO. 5.

FROM CHEVOIT TO GRAMPIAN HILLS.

The country through which we are passing is full of historical interest. Abbotsford, the home of Walter Scott, is only a short distance to the right of us, with its grand old trees, its beautiful parks and thickly wooded landscape, while not a great distance from it is ~~Kerrow~~ ^{Kerrow} Kerrow, the damp walls of the old castle entirely covered with a species of ivy which bears the name of *Linaria Cebo*. Many parts of the ancient edifice are crumbling to decay, the ruins everywhere hidden with a covering of lichens, ferns, and many varieties of wild sedum. Amid these scenes we can almost in imagination behold the form of the grand old man "Sir Walter" dictating his "Old Mortality," or laughing heartily at the antics and quaint humor with which he has imbued "dominie Sampson," his two favorite hounds crouching at his side, often raising their heads in expectation of the caressing word which was sure to come from their kind hearted master. But while we are thinking of these historic associations, Abbotsford is left in the distance. We pass Lochmaben and Beatock on our right, while on the left is the home of Burns.

The small farm of Mossiel is in much the same condition as it was in years gone by. After all it is little wonder that the mind of the plain Scotch ploughman should be imbued with these feelings and the mantle of poetic inspiration thrown around him, living amidst such sweet scenery in nature's simplest grandeur. The rippling Ayr, its clear waters leaping and sparkling as it courses along past the castle of Montgomery, onward through shady dells, among green fields where daises bloom, and lofty trees its banks overhang, toward the sea, where stands the bonnie town of Ayr. The Doon is meandering in another direction, the fields along its bonnie banks so fresh and fair, while way beyond a rising knoll the Lugar flows. Further on is the Afton,

flowing just as gently as when the poet sang so kindly, murmuring soft and sweetly, nature hushed, no dreams disturbing. Old Alloway's haunted kirk is away in the distance, but we can see the picture of Tam. O'Shanter most vividly in the surrounding landscape, and as night falls we can behold a good representation of the cottars Saturday night. We look in vain for Dr. Hornbook; indeed we have serious apprehensions that he has emigrated to America where there is a wider field for his peculiar genius and more profit to be derived from his artistic method of stopping the breath. Ah! here is "Holy Willie," just the same as what he was a century ago, his prayers just as long and equally as fervent as ever. We are of the opinion, though, that a good many of his relatives have left the land of their birth and gone west to grow up with the country, for we have distinct recollections of meeting several of them in America. Thus every cosy nook we are passing is susceptible of being transformed into a poetical gem.

In leaving these scenes behind we can observe John Anderson, "My Jo," waving us good-bye, his snow-white locks fluttering in the breeze. The merry voices of Rob and Alan, enjoying a drop of Willie's brewing, reach us as a sort of parting gift, a long lingering look and we leave the home of Burns behind and speed on through a very pleasant country, though less historic, and we are soon cheered by the guard or conductor calling out Carstairs, change carriages for Edinburg. The name sounded very pleasant to us, but we did not intend to visit the capital at this time but kept on northward. Again the country becomes more sterile, being quite a mineral district, tall chimneys, blazing furnaces, smoke, din and bustle being the predominant features. Iron ore is plentiful and manufactured in large quantities, a ready market being found in the great ship building yards on the Clyde, only a few miles distant. Coal is also found, but not in quantity, for the beds are not very extensive. Passing through this busy mineral mart for about twelve miles and we shut off steam at Coat bridge. Here are to be seen the largest machine and locomotive works in the country; indeed you can scarcely discern the houses through the thick canopy of smoke hanging over the place. The ring of the hammer and anvil are about the only sounds heard, save the

noise of the furnaces and escaping steam. Although not very melodious, this is music however, that has a good deal of influence in controlling the fortunes and destinies of men and nations. Our next stopping place is the great Greenhill Junction, where there is considerable excitement, for here you change for the way of Glasgow and the west coast.

All along the route we have been paying considerable attention to the traveling fiend that makes it his special business to be all but too late. The average late comer is usually an elderly or middle aged individual, wearing a silk hat that has seen a good deal of hard service, his garments loose and badly fitted, his coat a faded pea-green, or shabby black color, his baggage generally consisting of a large valise, two bundles carefully wrapped with twine, and an umbrella. Sometimes he has a bundle of rugs and two or three heavy walking canes in addition to the above. He has very important business with some person on the far end of the platform, and has not the least idea where he is going until the signal for starting. Then, of course, he makes for a carriage near the middle of the train, lugging his baggage along with him, his umbrella horizontally under his arm, giving those on the platform many a thrust as he hurries frantically to secure a seat; his hat, usually worn well back on his cranium, flies off altogether, the long coat tails are caught in the breeze, and the loose, ill-fitting garment comes pretty near being turned wrong side out, his wide, curious shaped trousers are flapping about his limbs, his cheeks are puffed out with the extraordinary exertion, and he often turns red in the face, awaking serious apprehensions of apoplexy. Finally as the wheels are beginning to turn, he is pushed into a compartment, bundles and all. Some kind-hearted person has picked up his hat and handed it to him while he is getting seated, but instead of being grateful he is very cross and abusive, and at the next station, after dragging his baggage across the bridge to another platform, finds that he has been carried a considerable distance out of his intended route, and then as a matter of course he never blames himself but heaps abuse upon the railroad officials, who are entirely innocent in the matter. We met a very fine specimen of this homo genus at Greenhill.

Still laughing at the amusement afforded we are passing Campsie, and can distinguish in the distance the mist covered summit of lofty Ben Lomond. The country is becoming more open and less thickly wooded; cross a small stream called the Bannock, and we are on the historic field of Bannockburn, the Wallace monument, with a colossal statute of the great Scottish hero, towering on the heights a little to the northwest, assuming an attitude as if scanning the battle-field; cross the river Forth, and the ancient city of Stirling is on our left with the grand old castle on the bluff eminence on the south bank of the river. We look upon the place with a feeling of awe, knowing how much human blood had been shed, and the sanguinary and determined test of arms displayed by those warrior heroes who now sleep within its walled enclosures. This city of Stirling has grown a good deal during the past ten years, it now being a rather important railroad center and considerable commercial interests. Leaving this we are hurled through a very pretty section of the country, Bridge of Allan, a beautiful watering place on the banks of the Earn, with the charmingly wooded hills of Kinross and Fife in the northern back-ground. A few miles up the same stream is Dunblane, also a favorite summer resort and one of the prettiest places we have yet seen. The scenery and water is all that could be desired, but though very pleasant to live here, it is rather costly, the fare for the summer months being about \$10 or \$12 per week, not including attendants fees. The Earn affords fine trout fishing. A little beyond this is the junction for Calander and the famous Trossachs, the celebrated tourists' route. After this comes Crieff, situated in a beautifully wooded valley with the Earn softly meandering through it. The town is some distance to the west of us, a rather rural place. We are now within sight of the chain of Ochil mountains stretching from this point almost to the west coast. In a short time we are at the fair city of Perth, quite a large growing place with glimpses of beautiful scenery in the neighborhood; hence the name Fair City. Our train came to a halt some distance from the town. Inquiring the cause the guard promptly informed us that we were waiting so as to allow the Queen to pass. This was something novel, so we asked

him if he had any objections to our leaving the cars and walking to the platform to see her. "Certainly," he replied, "get out by a'l means and have a look at her." Of course we availed ourself of the opportunity. There was quite a crowd gathered near the refreshment rooms. Her majesty had stopped to luncheon on her way southward from her Scotch home, Balmoral. The stalwart form of John Brown was guarding the entrance. We soon had the satisfaction of seeing her as she walked from the restaurant to a carriage. A bright young lassie presented her with a handsome bouquet of flowers. The trusty highlander took the proffered offering and handed it to her majesty, who acknowledged her thanks and kindly shook the hand of the youthful donor. Her majesty in appearance is one of those thoughtful, kind hearted ladies' that the eye and mind love to rest upon, a countenance beaming with charity and benevolence. We were not slow to uncover our head in her presence, not because we were beholding the queen of Great Britain; not because we were in the presence of the empress of India, but because we beheld in her the woman whom people of all nations love and revere; because, true to her womanly nature, she laid aside her royal garments and dignity of state and received with open arms the daughter of our president; because she shed tears of sympathy with us in our great national affliction of July a year ago, and because she was the woman that sent flashing across the Atlantic kind and affectionate words of condolence to the bereaved family of our lamented Garfield. In a word her appearance embodies all that is noble and good.

Leaving Perth we cross the Tay and arrive at Stanley, the junction of the Highland railway. On the right and some distance southward is Scone, where the kings of Scotland were crowned, while stretching away further south is the famous "Carse o' Gowrie," along the valley of the Tay towards Dundee. Here a fine, in fact the finest farming country in the kingdom, opens before us, for we now are in the valley of Strathmore. Agriculture receives much more attention here than in any other part of Scotland. The farm buildings are very fine, and every inch of ground under cultivation excepting that in use for keeping up the supply of timber, and that is something they are very careful to do, al-

ways planting a tree to take the place of the one cut down. A very fine breed of cattle is seen here, being almost indigenious to this section. The famed Grampian hills are now plainly visible in the distance, the long chain reaching from the Ochils in Perth to the coast of Aberdeen. We are now nearing the place of our birth, and, consequently, everything is becoming more and more familiar, and if we are writing this in language that is very simple, not having polish or elegance of style, we hope there may be pardon in store for us in the near future, for we are almost among the scenes of our boyhood. The conductor calls out, "Dun Junction, change carriages for Brechin." This is our native city and only four miles distance. Finally we arrive at Brechin and have the pleasure of meeting many old friends and relatives, also have the sad duty of looking on the quiet spot in the old church-yard, where loved ones are sleeping. But we draw a veil over the scene and rest for awhile, after which we may see a little of Scottish life and character.

LETTER NO. 6.

NATIVE SCENES AND SKETCHES.

On the morning of June 30th we are early astir, having rested a few days at the old homestead, and are, therefore, in just the proper frame of mind to celebrate this memorable day in a becoming manner, for we had not forgotten that it was the time appointed for the miserable, whining scoundrel, Guiteau, to expiate his fearful crime on the scaffold. Of course we make allowance for the difference of time and patiently watch the hands of the clock until they are pointing to 6 p. m., when we knew then that it was all over with the cowardly wretch. Indeed, it was impossible to restrain our feelings any longer; off went our good, new hat, then a hearty, ringing cheer, "Hip, hip, hurrah, well done!" much to the astonishment of those around us, but after ascertaining the cause they joined us most heartily in repeating it: "Served the sneaking villain right." "Long may the stars and stripes wave over our lovely sister country." You may rest assured that we gave a heartfelt amen to this genuine outburst of feeling on the part of strangers. Had we been possessed of vocal powers the "Star Spangled Banner" would have been done up in good style, but unfortunately this was out of the question, for there were many people and vehicles on the streets and we might have been liable to get into trouble from frightening the horses and perhaps alarming the quiet citizens by an exhibition of our musical talent. Next morning we had the pleasure and satisfaction of reading the dispatches in the morning papers announcing that the job was neatly done and the unfortunate creature gone to meet a just reward. As "Holy Willie" would say, perhaps he has taken the left hand road.

Being in such a happy mood after perusing these dispatches, two lady friends had the audacity to take advantage of this overflow of spirits by suggesting that we

ought to see the Highland games, then in progress in the city park, only a short distance out of town. Of course, under the circumstances we could not reasonably decline, the price of admission to the grounds including a good seat was very reasonable, only a sixpence, (twelve-and-a-half cents.) Here is a good opportunity for getting a glimpse of Scottish manners and customs; about a dozen pipers are already in the ring dressed in full Highland costume, proudly marching to the music of the pibrochs they were discoursing. Many of them had numerous medals on their breasts, trophies of past victories in the piping art, truly fine-looking men and beautifully dressed, having neat hose and silver buckle shoes, with the historic tartan plaid hung gracefully over the shoulder, while a neat Glengarry bonnet made a very appropriate head wear. But the music, oh! horror of horrors, such screeching and blowing, most shrill and piercing; indeed, we wished them at least a mile distant, the noise would have been more soft and subdued and more near bearable. However, it proved not to be so bad after all, for by and by the ear becomes used to the harsh melody, and by the time the prize competition is over the sound has become rather pleasant than otherwise. Then comes the dancing tournament, which was good and very enjoyable, but to American eyes would have appeared very funny. There is quite a variety of dances, comprising reels, Highland fling, kilie kalum, hornpipes, jigs and strathspeys. Each competitor appearing singly on the platform, gave us an excellent opportunity of observing their agility. The athletic sports were very interesting, showing to fine advantage the splendid physical development of the Scotch highlander; the leaping and running matches were well contested and created not a little amusement. The last but not the least is an exhibition of genuine Scotch wrestling, which was rather novel and very exciting.

As the sports draw to a close we can notice the same old manners and customs that existed many years ago, and begin to realize that we are in a country and among a people that change but very little in a decade, so unlike our American changeable and progressive style. Each country gallant selects his lassie and homeward together take their way on foot, often walking a dis-

tance of many miles. But this is not such an unpleasant business after all, for the summer evening is soft and beautiful, the sun yet high in the heavens although it is nigh 8 p. m. Here we might say that there is considerable difference in the length of daylight here compared with that of Kentucky, the twilight not deepening into darkness until nearly 11, and by 1 a. m. day is breaking in the eastern horizon during the summer months, while the day is correspondingly short in the winter. Thus the many couples wending their way homeward can either take it leisurely or at a brisk pace, for the evening is just pleasantly warm for either, but, of course, we suppose much depends upon the importance of the conversation. Like others, we walked some distance in the country, and the journey was so pleasant that it seemed almost incredible when our companions informed us that we had traveled several miles; whether it was the familiar windings and turnings of the road, or the circling by paths in which we had so often wandered in our boyhood that beguiled us, or the animated conversation and pleasant company that made the way seem so short, has never been settled in our mind. We are in the country districts now, however, and propose to do just what the people around us are doing, sharing the same fare and adopting their mode of living. True, we may lack many of the luxuries of a Kentucky home, still there is no danger of starving, as some tourists have the foolishness to assert. Good substantial food is plentiful, though not in great variety; the people are strong, healthy and robust on the homely fare on which they live, so we at once conclude to partake of the national fare fully assured that it would not kill us outright, and if it did lay us up for a time there would be but little harm, seeing that we were provided with one of Squire Marsh's accident policy tickets. Provisions on the whole are rather high. Good beef will cost twenty five cents per pound, butter, thirty-five cents, eggs, thirty cents, ham and bacon, twenty-five cents; bread stuffs are cheaper, four pound loaf, twelve cents; teas and sugars are very cheap, sixty and seven cents per pound. Very little meats are used in the country districts, but the people are happy and contented. The average wages of workingmen are about \$5 per week, while mechanics realize \$8; on the whole

an industrious person could save as much on these figures as could be done in America at our regular rate of wages. The time for working is well regulated; for all classes of manual labor ten hours per day is all that is required, farm servants being included in this.

We are now starting for the east coast. Aberdeen at the mouth of the river Dee, is the principal city in the northeast of Scotland, and really a fine city, built entirely of brown granite. On Union street, the principal business place, the front part of the buildings are so highly polished, that the long straight block is glistening in the sunlight like burnished silver. This is the third seat of learning in the country, Marechal and King's College being the most conspicuous institutions. Here Lord Byron received his education; this is also quite a military station, with fine barracks; we notice very fine market buildings; there are two or three daily papers published, and a population of nearly one hundred thousand. The country westward is certainly very pretty; there is a good railroad in this direction as far as Ballater; the scenery up the valley of the Dee is perfectly charming, and it is little wonder that Queen Victoria loves to spend her summers there, everything so beautiful, soft and tranquil. From Ballater you take the stage coach to Balmoral, her majesty's summer residence, beautifully situated a little distance from the river near the village of Crathie. We cannot begin to give a minute description of the palace and its surroundings, but will only say that everything connected with the place is in exquisite taste; beautified with all the polish and refinement of art, but still retaining that softness and sweet touches so true to nature. Some distance southward is the great deer forest of the Abergeldie belonging to the Prince of Wales, while away beyond this we behold the wild, frowning glories of "Dark Lochnagar," so grandly described by the poet Byron. Proceeding still further westward by stage you soon touch at Braemar, very mountainous country, thence on to Kingussie, where you make connections with the Highland railway, then you can go south by the way of Blair Athole and through the "Birks of Aberfeldy," until you join the Caledonian railway at Stanley. The scenery on this route is very pretty; indeed in many places it is really sublime and picturesque. You can

also go northward from Kingussie towards Inverness, the principal city in the highlands; from thence you can proceed towards the southwest coast by the way of the Caledonia canal. Railroad traveling is not very expensive here, so we can afford to take a good many different routes. The regular fare is two cents per mile, return for a fare-and-a-half, three cents, and if you purchase one of Cook's tourist's tickets you can travel still cheaper. These can be obtained at nearly every railroad station in the country. A short distance north from Inverness and you can cross the Moray Frith to the Orkney and Shetland islands; skirting the coast in a south-easterly direction through a very rugged country, you find yourself at Peterhead, celebrated for its granite quarries. Twenty miles further on and we are again at Aberdeen, and if you want to go to London by water there are fine steamers leaving twice a week, distance four hundred and fifty miles, fare \$7, time forty-eight hours. The passage in the North Sea is often very rough and hazardous.

Still hugging the coast we soon reach a quaint old town called Stonehaven, properly speaking only a fishing village. We stop for several days here and explore the country a little and have some very pleasant rambles among the beautiful trees and parks that surround the castle of Urie. We visit the old family vault where the remains of captain Barclay, of pedestrian fame, lie mouldering into dust; this was the first man we believe that accomplished the great feat of walking a thousand miles in as many hours. Leaving this the country is very hilly, for we are at the eastern extremity of the Grampian range; the heather is not blooming yet, so we conclude to visit them later, and in the meantime pass towards Montrose, a very neat, clean city of some twelve thousand inhabitants. The scenes here are very familiar to us, for we have often leaped among the rocks in days gone by and gathered dulse and shell fish when the tide receded. The scenery landward is soft and sweet. The North British Railroad Company has just completed a very substantial bridge over the Esk, thus giving a near route to Arbroath, a small town about ten miles distant. Here we notice very extensive tanneries, also large preserve works. Still rounding the coast a few miles and we come to Boughtferry and Dundee

on the Frith of Tay, the scene of the great railroad bridge disaster. The structure is still standing in much the same condition as it was the day after the accident occurred, although they pretend to be working on it. It is really a wonderful structure, with the two end sections towering above the angry waters, and the fearful gap in the center nearly a mile long, where the ill-fated train fell. People say that the wind was blowing a complete hurricane from the southwest at the time, and they fully believe that it was the violence of the storm and not the train that destroyed the structure. This is quite a large place with a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, the second commercial city in Scotland, with a regular line of steamers crossing the Atlantic to New York. But we must hurry for we want to get to Elinburg, cross over the ferry, through Fife, pass St. Andrews, a fine old place, with its grand educational institutions, being the second in the country in this regard, touch at Burntisland, cross the Frith of Forth and we are within a mile of Edinboro, town.

LETTER NO. 7.

IN EDINBURG.

What a chaos of grand associations are crowding on our mind as we approach this wonderful, classic old city of Edinburg, the modern Athens of the world. It is situated on a beautiful rising ground in full view of the Frith of the Forth. Being some distance from the coast, Leith forms its seaport, and opens the way commercially by water. Granton, New Haven and Grange-mouth, are but a continuation of Leith, stretching away further up the estuary. Tram cars and omnibus lines are plentiful from these points; also the North British railway, which lands you at the great Waverly Station, located in a lovely valley which separates the old town from the new. We had been looking forward with bright expectance to the sights and memories connected with this grand, historic capital, but as the glories of Princesses street and the exquisite beauty of the surrounding gardens open before us, our loftiest anticipations were fully realized.

Emerging from a short tunnel after leaving the Hay-market Station, the grand old castle is looming up many feet above us on a perpendicular foundation of solid rock, with the ancient edifice beetling over its base as if it might at any moment be hurled into the valley below. But this is only a delusion, for there it has rested securely for centuries and withstood the storms of many winters, and weathered the violence of many fierce military engagements, and there is but little doubt that the grand old structure will remain there for many centuries to come. On the left the eye rests upon a scene of unsurpassed beauty, the fine gardens most tastefully laid out, presenting a very pleasing diversity of flowers and foliage. Among the plants and shrubbery we notice many kinds that would very soon succumb to the scorching rays of a Kentucky sun. Dwarf lobelias of the deepest blue, in ribbon lines miles

in length; dwarf calceolarias in bright yellow colors form the next row, then the taller growing argeratums or a line of beautiful blue pansies, and so on until the eye becomes perfectly charmed with the finely contrasted grouping and sweet blending of colors; indeed we loved to linger there, for such a lovely spot and charmingly animated surroundings are not to be found every day, for while everything is soft and pleasing in the gardens, the atmosphere is laden with a soft, mellow fragrance, emanating from the extensive buds of mignonette dotted over the grounds in profusion; then up several long flights of stone steps and we are on Princesses street, where all is commotion and hurry. This is by far the finest street in the city, and all is bustle and activity. Cabs, hansoms, omnibuses, tram cars and private conveyances are moving promiscuously in every direction. There is considerable difference between those tram cars and our street cars at home. Here they are two-story affairs, having a winding stairway in the rear by which you can make your way to a seat on the top. This seemed very funny, and, in fact, we had almost made up our mind in advance to dislike the whole system, but after having two or three drives on top our rashly formed opinions underwent considerable change, for we obtained a magnificent view of the locality in which we were traveling. The fare for the full length of the route is only four cents, so we can afford to look on the streets and buildings from an elevated platform. The buildings on this beautiful and busy thoroughfare are principally business houses and numerous very fine hotels, grand in elegance and beauty, just in keeping with the tasteful gardens on the other side.

Right here is something that attracts our attention. This is a beautiful monument erected to the great Scotch novelist, Sir Walter Scott, situated in the garden fronting on the street. It was not because of its large proportions and extraordinary elevation, but the quaint, original style of architecture takes our fancy. This imposing structure is of the Gothic order, with numerous little towers, turrets and spires tapering towards the top. Within the dome on a low pedestal is a finely chiseled statue of the sage of Abbotsford. The figure is in a sitting position, assuming a very studious attitude

with a large roll of manuscript in his closed hand, no doubt a copy of his "Heart of Midlothian." Not knowing much about Sir Walter, one might pass giving the fine monument only a cursory look, but to those who have become acquainted with him through his wonderful literary productions, this piece of statuary possesses an absorbing interest, for on each little turret we find *fac similes* of many of his favorite characters. Fronting on Princesses street, standing out in bold relief, is the well known form of baillie Nicol Jarvie, assuming a very comical attitude of astonishment, he is doubtless listening to the burning language of the highland outlaw, Rob Roy, who is looking down upon him from the next little tower. On the left of the Glasgow deacon we notice the portly form of Dirck Hatterick, beside him is the shrewd, cunning eyed "Meg Merrilies," while further round and higher up is Dominie Samson, swinging his arms about him like a wind mill. Near him is a fine representation of Jonathan Oldbuck, the antiquary : still higher up we notice the Dugal Creature ; not far from him is Helen McGregor ; a little farther round on the garden side and we observe the well known features of Guy Mannering ; beside him is Dandie Dinmont ; away up and in a little niche, looking over the valley of flowers we notice the lovely form and sweet features of the gentle "Di Vernon," while not far from her, looking frowningly, is the villainous countenance of Rashleigh Osbaldistone, and so we might go on and find familiar faces until we reach the top of the monument, but time passes, so we have to leave Sir Walter and his wonderfully created companions with a great deal of reluctance and pass along the busy thoroughfare towards the west end. Looking eastward on Princesses street, from the Caledonian railway station the view is very fine, for you behold the crowded street, the fine gardens, the Waverly market buildings, also the great depot with the grim old castle standing guard over it.

A short distance southward and we cross the meadows, beautiful grass plats, for the most part public grounds and very neatly kept. Then we are at Warrender Park, where large agricultural exhibitions are held. The buildings here are very pretty and many of them appear to have been built but recently and in a

modern style of architecture. We spent some time very pleasantly in this portion of the city. Further south in the suburbs is the great Morningside Asylum for the insane. Crossing the meadows in a northeasterly direction, we pass the hospital, which occupies an entire square and is one of the largest institutions in the country. In this direction we soon reach the grass market, a very old place. From here we get an excellent view of the castle from the other side. A long flight of steps leads from here to the promenade, where we obtain a birds-eye view of the city. Here is the entrance to the wonderful old castle, and the admission price is twenty-five cents. The internal arrangement is much the same as several other ancient places we had visited, containing dungeons dark and strong. One large room contains many curiosities, the sword of Sir William Wallace, the crown jewels of Scotland, the helmet of King Robert Bruce, and the celebrated cannon, "Mons Meg," is out on the ramparts. There are also many other relics and pictures of Scotch royalty, but we cannot begin to enumerate them in this brief sketch, for this would almost fill a volume of itself. Outside on the north of the promenade we notice many neat memorial tablets erected to the memory of deceased officers; but the clock on the great St. Giles Cathedral, is pealing forth in deep sonorous tones, warning us that time is passing, so we leave our elevated position and again mingle with the passing throng in the busy streets below. A number of people are gathered around a couple of strolling musicians, who were discoursing music. We thought that the music was a little harsh and discordant, so gave them a few coppers and suggested that they give us "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie." The audience did not seem to be very much enthused at hearing those sweet soul-stirring airs, but to us the music sounded very pleasant and our heart gave a start of joy, for the melody of Dixie carried us to where the sun shines bright in the "old Kentucky home." Well, if we did wipe a little moisture from our face, please do not think too hard of us, for you may also chance to be a long distance from home some day and will then better understand those feelings.

The best view of the city and surrounding country is obtained from the summit of Arthur's Seat, a very high

rocky point nearly three miles eastward. The ascent is very laborious, but the sights well repay one for any extra trouble. Surmounting this elevation are several huge masses of blackish looking rock of hard material, for we had considerable difficulty in breaking a piece from the loftiest point to put in our pocket as a memento. Although calm and pleasant in the city, when we get up here it is blowing almost a hurricane, for it was with the greatest difficulty that we retained our balance. A short distance eastward is the German ocean, presenting a fine stretch of coast from Berwick round the shores of Fife as far as the Frith of Tay. Many dancing prows are seen tossing on its turbulent waters. In the distance southward we can distinguish the famous Bass rock off the coast of Berwick. On the point is Dunbar, while nearer in a small inlet, with a tiny cloud of smoke hanging over it, is the fishing town of Musselburgh, and a short distance below us is Portobello. Properly speaking this is but a tributary of Edinburgh. Here is a fine pier and elevated promenade, many people gathering here during the summer months to inhale the delightful sea breezes. To the south landward the scenery is grand, fine rich farms and numerous old castles almost hidden among the forest verdure, while the beautiful green Pentland hills make a very beautiful background. Away northward is the small island of Inch Keith. Like a mere speck in the distance, twelve miles off the Arbroath coast, is the Inch Cape or Bell Rock Lighthouse. Turning our eyes westward and we are looking down upon the city. There is no haze or covering of smoke to destroy the view. We can only gaze and exclaim "how beautiful." What a labyrinth of spires, towers and minarets in every shape and style imaginable, each marking some educational institution, or some sacred or religious edifice. We cannot help feeling what a grand place our eyes are now resting upon.

What a long catalogue of names comes looming before our mind. Here Chalmers gave his grand volumes of information to the people; here the great divine, Dr. Guthrie wandered the streets and gathered the ragged waifs into the Sunday school; here Norman McLeod labored for the spiritual welfare of the people and published his good words; in this place John Knox thun-

dered forth burning truths during the reformation, and here also professor Blackie still lives and instructs the people in the mysteries of the Celtic language. But we must pause and hold our breath, for right below us is the grand old palace of Holyrood. What wonderful visions the sight of it awakens in our mind; what mysterious scenes and terrible tragedies have been enacted in the old castle during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, and all through the long line of Scottish kings. Large portraits of Rizzio, Darnley and Queen Mary are very conspicuous objects. Queen Victoria stays in this palace when she visits the Capital. Near this is a neat monument to the poet Burns. Over on the rising ground is the Calton hill, with the jail buildings and a fine observatory, a gun being discharged every day, denoting Greenwich time, at one p. m. Westward from here and we soon enter the Cunnongate, the principal street in the old town. It is very narrow with high buildings on either side. A century ago this was the main thoroughfare in the city and considered a grand place, but it is now mostly tenanted by the lower classes.

About the middle of the long, winding, narrow street we observe the house in which the great reformer, John Knox, lived. The steps leading to it they say are in much the same condition as they were in those troublesome times when he held meetings there; indeed, there is so much of interest to be seen here that we almost grow bewildered, for every place we are passing has a history, but we have not time to review each as we pass. Another very potent reason is that we are far from being capable of turning historian, so with uncovered heads we take a long look eastward from the Caledonian station, and in the meantime bid adieu to the famous city of Edinboro, thence on to Glasgow and the busier scenes on the Clyde.

LETTER NO. 8.

GLASGOW AND THE CLYDE.

The aspect of the country from Edinburg to the great western metropolis, Glasgow, is not very inviting, and a few places of interest to be seen and very little diversity of scenery, minerals of various kinds being the only productions of this low, sterile district, but though bleak and the soil almost worthless for agricultural purposes, still there are many neat places to be seen cosily situated among the patches of green woodland. The deep, winding Carron is about the only river between the two great cities, coursing along through a precipitous rocky valley. Coal, iron and lime are to be found here in abundance. The ore is of very superior quality, but the coal and lime are of a very inferior grade. The approaches to Glasgow from the east are quite the reverse of pretty. The distance between these two principal cities is about fifty miles, and a long distance before the Clyde is reached we are passing through among the busy scenes of smoke-begrimed labor, so that by the time we reach the city proper we are pretty well initiated into the appearance of this industrious hive of mercantile and commercial pursuits.

Looking from the bridge southward and the glories of the river Clyde are spread out before us. It cannot be called pretty in a scenic sense, but the humble, hard-working artisan can no doubt perceive the perfection of beauty under this thick covering of smoke and tumultuous noise, for it affords him the means of living and furnishes food and raiment for his wife and dearly loved little ones. The merchant and the manufacturer can also detect the loftiest type of beauty in the cloud that hangs over the city and river, while to the ship owner and those whose interests are connected with commercial pursuits on the mighty deep, they have doubtless more beauty and attractions than in the love-

liest scenery on earth. Although there is really nothing of an æsthetic nature to be seen, or that would be agreeable to the refined taste of an Oscar Wilde, still, it must be admitted that the picture is a great and a magnificent one. Unlike Liverpool there are no variety of fine docks; but the Broomielaw, fronting on great Clyde street, gives ample pier room. This is perhaps the most charmingly animated place in the city; indeed, there is but little of real interest to be seen in the business portion of the town. The streets and buildings are so much akin to some of our large American cities, that we feel almost at home. Buchanan street is the main thoroughfare. Trongate church is an imposing edifice. Glasgow Green and the famous Tolbooth are rather historic places. The town is well supplied with the very best of water conveyed in pipes nearly fifty miles from a beautiful small lake called Loch Katrine. The fall is sufficient to give great power in case of a fire. Of course we very naturally inquired of the people which are the most important and desirable places for a stranger to see. With great unanimity they informed us that the Broomielaw, the river and the extensive ship-building yards were the first sights we ought to see. After feasting our eyes for a time on the splendidly animated picture, we fully agreed with them that this is about the only place in this large city of nearly half a million inhabitants that would be likely to take our fancy.

This is the third city in the united kingdom as to population, and as a manufacturing center ranks about the same; but in the industry of iron ship building it is away far ahead of any other port in the British dominions and perhaps in the world. Nearly all of the great Atlantic steamships are built and fitted up for sea at this place. The Anchor, Alan, State and Oriental fleet of steamers are all built here. The Inman, Guion, White Star and the magnificent Cunard lines have been constructed within sight of this busy Scotch town. Steamers for pleasure sailing are plentiful, and we can spend a day very pleasantly and profitably at very little expense. You can take a trip down the river a distance of sixty miles and return for two shillings—fifty cents. Good meals are furnished on board for forty cents, but you can take your lunch basket along,

which will prove very convenient. The scene on the river was so inviting that we really could not resist the temptation of making a trip southwestward towards the coast; so in company of two dear friends take passage on the fine pleasure steamer, *Edinburg Castle*, a very swift running craft, after getting away from among the density of vessels, making twenty miles an hour. On leaving the pier further progress seemed to be completely barred, so many crafts of divers description, sloops, schooners, barques, brigs and full rigged ships, but by far the largest proportion are steam vessels. On either side of the river the latter are lying two deep. The Broomielaw extends along the west bank of the river for nearly two miles. At the termination is Stob-croos quay, the pier of the Anchor line of Atlantic mail steamships. Their fine steamer, *Bolivia*, is in port presenting a fine appearance from the river, her magnificent hull towering many feet above the water. Directly opposite on the other side of the stream is Mavis Bank Key, where lies the fine steamships of the State line. The *State of Nevada* has just arrived from New York and appears to be well down in the water. A little above this is the pier of the Alan line. The *Nova Scotia* has lately reached this port from Boston and Halifax. The river is about three-fourths of a mile in width, but the tide standing up beyond this gives a fine depth of water, for large vessels can pass up and down, drawing twenty-five feet of water.

We now reach the extensive iron ship building yards. The sight is indeed grand and very interesting, but the noise is almost unbearable. The ringing tones of the hammer, so peculiar in riveting, produces a troublesome sensation to those not accustomed to such unharmonious sounds. There are vessels in all stages of construction, from the bare, skeleton-looking outline to the placing of the machinery. The tonnage of vessels that are turned off the ways yearly aggregate millions. One firm has just completed a very fine large steamer for the Cunard company, the *Pavonia*. She registers eight thousand four hundred and fifty tons; length, five hundred and fifty-five feet; breadth of beam, sixty-five feet; depth of hold, fifty feet. She is built as a companion vessel for the *Servia* of the same line. These ships are constructed looking more toward safety and com-

fort than a high rate of speed, for they are not calculated to make more than sixteen to eighteen knots an hour. This busy, musical scene, continues on both sides of the river for nearly eight miles, then we pass the town of Renfrew, where there is also some shipping. Some little distance inland is the old-fashioned town of Paisely, the home of the great Clark thread manufactories. It is situated on a small stream called the White Cart, noted for the extraordinary purifying qualities of its water, furnishing a plentiful supply, enabling them to manufacture the very finest of thread and Paisely shawls. Half a century ago these fine fabrics were all woven by hand loom weavers, which at that time were a very numerous and justly famous class. Although not gifted or blest with anything further than the rudiments of education, yet, nevertheless, many were possessed of superior minds. Robert Tannahill, the weaver poet, produced some of the sweetest lyric songs in the language. His "Braes of Gleniffer" are still dear to the heart of every Scotchman. These famous weavers, tiring of being seated at the loom so constantly, devoted a considerable portion of their leisure hours to floriculture. The pink was their favorite flower, and in growing this they excelled, their productions in this line bringing very remunerative prices, and to-day the celebrated Paisely pink is held in high estimation among florists. There are a good many fine specimens of this favorite flower to be seen in the neighborhood of Paisely. Further down the river on the opposite side is Dunbarton with its grand old castle almost surrounded by water at high tide. A very strong place, beetling over a high almost perpendicular rock. No doubt many strange scenes have been enacted in this grim old building during the feudal times in the early history of the country. Some miles north of this is the famous Loch Lomond, with its grand mountain scenery; indeed, it looks more like an Alpine picture than a quiet Scottish pastoral scene. Not far from this is the great pass of Lochard, where the outlaw MacGregor defied and kept at bay a body of soldiers who were sent to capture him. The scenery through this district is really grand and majestic. Leaving Dunbarton the monotonous ring of ship-building partially ceases until we reach Greenock, a city of some sixty thousand inhabitants. Rain is said

to fall here more or less two hundred days in a year. For this we are ready to vouch, for it rained every time we happened to pass that way. This is properly speaking the beginning of the Frith of Clyde, and more commonly designated by "the tail of the bank," as sea-faring men call it. Many large vessels are anchored out in the middle of the stream either waiting for a tug and pilot to guide them in or a high tide to carry them into port. There are also quite extensive ship-building operations carried on at this place. The estuary is nearly ten miles in breadth at this point. Looking across, the neat city of Helnsburg is in full view, beautifully situated at the entrance to Loch Long. Further down the river on the Greenock side is the old-fashioned town of Gourick, its principal industries being extensive fisheries, the broad frith affording a plentiful supply and variety of the finny family. The water is thickly dotted over with different sorts of fishing crafts. Rounding the point a little further on the same side in a lovely bend of the river, is the beautiful town of Weymss Bay. This has lately become a celebrated watering place and is well patronized during the summer months. Right opposite on the coast of Bute is the charming village of Dundoon, the dazzling whiteness of the cottages contrasting well with the beautiful green hills in the rear, making a lovely picture. A few miles further north the pretty little town of Blairmore stretches along the shore for a considerable distance.

A little beyond this in a beautiful fairy looking alcove at the mouth of a sylvan, leafy ravine, is Ardenteenie. Here the poet Tannahill found his maid of Ardenteenie. Of course she has long since passed away; but the place is everything the simple weaver poet claimed for it, for here nature has its fullest sway. How lavish she has been in bestowing her sweet gifts of beauty, can be seen in the soft grandeur around us. Many cozy summer cottages are erected here where merchants and their families can spend a month or two once a year and have a short relaxation from business cares away from the din and bustle of the large cities. While looking at this lovely retreat a rather amusing incident occurred. A lady and her husband, out for a few day's pleasure, happened to be on our steamer. It looked as if they had been enjoying themselves rather gloriously,

for it was very evident that both of them had imbibed very freely, determined to keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down. As is quite natural in such cases, a quarrel ensued and a regular fight took place, but the weaker sex this time proved to be the stronger, for she soon blackened her liege lord's eyes for him, threw his new beaver hat overboard and completely demolished a fine new umbrella over his unprotected head. The feminine heroine approached us and endeavored to explain matters, but we at once declined to interfere or endeavor to settle family differences. A young lady kept watching the proceedings with a great deal of interest. Of course we thought she was taking lessons, perhaps was engaged to be married, or something of that sort; but we were agreeably surprised to hear her burst out in heartfelt indignation, upbraiding the husband for cowardice. Naturally, we became much attached to such a woman as this, and remained pretty close to her during the remainder of the trip. On the whole there was a good deal of merriment at the expense of the worthy couple, and it will be many days before we fail to remember Ardenteenie.

Leaving this we pass through part of Loch Long, then into Loch Goil, and are soon encircled among the mountains. On the shores of this beautiful lakelet at the base of the frowning hills, are numerous neat cottages peeping from among the thicket of soft green shrubbery. Behind this are a few rows of forest trees, then the high hills tower, beetling in curious shaped crags as if they at any moment would topple over into the loch. Near the head of the lake is the ruins of Carrick Castle. Here the steamer changes her course a little and in a few minutes reaches Loch Goil Head. A rather ominous sign board is placed very conspicuously at the pier where the passengers disembark. The letters are very plain and large, and read thus; "This is the way to Hell's Glen." Our companions became a little alarmed at the locality we were in and concluded that it would not be safe to go any further. However, by a little reasoning they were at last induced to step on shore and pass the fearful sign, where we had a very comfortable dinner in this curious mountain district. Here as well as at the other way landings, the passengers pay the wharfage, each person paying a half-penny—one cent—as they leave the

steamer and another when they go on board again. You pass along a gangway Indian file, so there is no chance for dodging; away over the mountains from here and we would soon reach Inverary, the principal place in the western highlands. Steamers do not remain long here, so we soon find ourselves in the Clyde again. Westward from Dunoon is the famous and fairy-like Kyles of Bute. The scenery here would compare favorably with any to be seen on the celebrated Rhine, in Switzerland. Up through these beautiful inlets you soon reach the west coast and are within sight of the Hebrides. Further down the frith is the beautiful island of Arran, then stretching out towards the Atlantic is the barren looking mull of Cantyre; pass Alisa Craig and you are out at sea.

Having enjoyed this trip so much, our resolves are made to cross the Irish Sea to Erin, so in a few days we make our way to Greenock, and amidst pouring rain we step on board the steamer *Duke of Argyle*, bound for Ireland. So, with fair wind and pleasant sea, to-morrow's sun will shine upon us in Dublin Bay.

LETTER NO. 9.

IN THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK.

After a night of rolling and tossing on the Irish Sea, one is not in the very best condition to become enthused with the appearance of the country ; but to say the least, a sight of the high hills and verdant coast gives a decided feeling of relief, for if the pitching must continue, there is something to rest the eye upon and divert our attention from the tread-mill, perpetual motion sort of style. Skirting along the shore, a good view of the country is obtained and the neat looking seaboard towns on the Irish coast. The entrance to the Irish Sea through the North Channel is rather narrow, for land is distinctly visible from Donaghadee, near Belfast and Port Patrick, and the mull of Galloway on the Scotch coast. The distance can not be more than forty miles. Dundalk is a very pretty little town at the head of a small inlet. The country has a pleasant appearance and well adapted for agricultural purposes. The surface of the earth is gently rolling and apparently well cultivated. Next comes the old fashioned town of Drogheda, a very important point for the shipment of stock to the Liverpool and Glasgow markets. Several lines of steamers are engaged in the trade. These vessels also carry a limited number of passengers, but, although there may be but one person in addition to the crew, that person is very apt to conclude that he is one too many, for the accommodations are of the poorest kind and the passage quite the reverse of comfortable. The country here does not appear to be very productive. The cattle are driven from a long distance inland to this place for shipment from the direction of Navan and the fine grazing country near Mullingar. Sheep are brought here from points still further west in the fine pastoral region of Athlone and away nearly as far as the more sterile country of Donegal, and north towards the fine

sheep farming section, near the loveliest of spots, Enniskillen. Pigs are also brought in large quantities from the surrounding counties, it being considered better to bring them over land to this place for shipment, than to risk a long and stormy passage from Galway, by the way of the North Channel; indeed, it looks something like a miniature Donnybrook fair, for men women and children are engaged in bringing the productions of their farms to market.

Southward the appearance of the country becomes more cheerful, many parts thickly wooded and pretty farm buildings. Then comes the Howth, a rocky promontory on which a beautiful lighthouse is erected. The bluff rocks are passed, and we steam with safety into the famous Dublin Bay. On the south side of this pretty inlet is the grand old city of Kingstown, a strongly fortified place containing a large garrison. This is one of the neatest looking cities we have yet seen, seemingly a very busy and prosperous place. At present there is much activity, for steamers are ready for the embarkation of troops for Egypt. At the further end of the bay is the mouth of the river Liffey. On the south side is a stone pier many miles in length, the narrow platform stretching far out into the sea. This is a very pretty sight, but some would not care about having a promenade thereon, for it is most certain to cause giddiness to those not used to the water. So intent were we in examining these beautiful approaches to the city, that the discomforts of the past night fade away and we soon realize that the grand city before us is Dublin, the capital of the Emerald Isle. Steaming up the Liffey we observe a considerable amount of shipping and several Atlantic lines, but the principal commerce is along the coast of the British Islands.

Touching the pier there are many faces that appear familiar to us, although never having seen them before. No doubt we were thinking of and coupling them with our many kind Hibernian friends at home; indeed, we felt a sort of home feeling stealing over us as our feet touch the shore. This is Eden Quay, a very appropriate name, for there are many grand and majestic structures on the busy street. The custom-house building is really an imposing edifice. Having occasion to get a little renovated in the shape of shoes, blacking, etc.,

our temporary valet very soon detected that our footwear was of American manufacture. You may be sure that there was no denial on our part; indeed, we were proud to think that there was at least something American about us. Of course we did not deem it necessary to inform our friend of the brush and polish, that they had been purchased from the celebrated boot and shoe house of J. H. Pecor. He had admitted that the polishing process was much easier accomplished on these goods than the home make. We very promptly informed him that this was a natural trait of the American nation susceptibility of taking on a fine polish. Says he, "What do you think of our custom house?" "A very fine building," we replied. "Please step out on the Key and examine it," he continued; "the finest building in the world." As we looked up from the pier we thought the assertion was rather broad and sweeping. Doubtless he had not the least conception of the magnificent structures to be seen in the United States. However, the building was really a grand one, dark, massive and of superior workmanship, occupying an entire square, with a finely chiseled figure of Justice surmounting the dome. The portals are heavy and awesome. A flight of huge stone steps leads to the front entrance, and no doubt as the man had said it is the grandest building in Great Britain, the poor fellow thinking, perhaps, that any place outside of old Erin was insignificant and almost out of the world—his world at least, for an Irishman dearly loves his country. Even though it is sometimes a little unsettled, it is all the pride of his heart. Living here is very cheap. The poor fellow only charged us a penny—two cents—for his trouble. We could not have obtained the same amount of labor at home for less than twenty-five cents. Hotel fare is also very reasonable. Very comfortable quarters can be had including board for four shillings—one dollar—per day. We were fortunate to secure good accommodation in the Leinster House, at the foot of the great Sackville street.

This is by far the finest street in the city or any street in the country. A fine view of it is obtained from the South Bridge. The broad thoroughfare presents a busy scene, hundreds of jaunting cars driving to and fro ready for hire, also numerous tram car lines intersect this fine

street. The buildings are high and very massive and very substantially built. Near the bridge is a beautiful statue to the memory of the great orator and statesman, Daniel O'Connell. Half way up the street near the general postoffice stands a magnificent monument to the memory of admiral Lord Nelson. The shaft is comparatively plain. About twenty feet from the base are the inscriptions of his numerous naval victories. Crowning the whole structure at an extraordinary altitude is a fine figure of the great naval hero in admiral's uniform. Taking it all in all, there is no finer street than Sackville in her majesty's dominions. After taking a good view of this portion of the city we cross the Liffey by the King William bridge to the south side, and then steer in the direction of Phoenix Park. On this route we touch Dublin Castle, a very old looking place. There are barracks and a few soldiers within the enclosure, but no fortifications, and really it does not have much the appearance of a castle. The most imposing building in this section of the city is Christ's Church, covering an entire square and of the most modern style of architecture. Near the park are very fine buildings. Although a public highway leads through the park, there are massive gates with policemen guarding the entrance. To the right of the main road as you enter there is a beautiful cottage, gateway and foot path, which admits and leads through the decorative portion of the grounds. These are very tastefully laid out and neatly kept. In the lower part are numerous charming lakelets covered with a soft verdure of water lilies, their beautiful white flowers with pearly heads resting on the water, presenting a lovely picture in the sunlight. This floral portion of the grounds are entirely separated from the park proper. At the southwest corner the highway diverges off in three directions, south, north, and the main one continuing westward. A grand public monument is here erected with a tiresome flight of steps a long distance up to it. A little further on by the main road is a drive that leads to the zoological garden, near the banks of the Liffey. Still on the main highway about half a mile further west on the right, some distance off, is the residence of the lord lieutenant. Onward a few steps to the left are several neatly rounded clumps of trees.

Here is the scene of the murder of Cavendish and Burke. Near one of these clumps of trees the two were conversing, when they were attacked. Mr. Burke, after struggling with the assassin for a distance of twenty paces, was the first to fall mortally wounded on the edge of the foot-path. Lord Cavendish reached a few steps further and fell lifeless on the side of the highway. We had the pleasure of meeting a party of ladies, who described the whole affair very minutely and intelligently. We picked up a pebble on the very spot where the men fell and put it in our pocket as a memento. The distance from this place to Sackville street is nearly five miles and a rather lonely portion of the park. Mounted police are now guarding the park and the approaches to the lord lieutenant's residence. This reminds one of watching the stable after the horse is stolen. At the extreme west end of the park is the residence of the secretary and his assistant. You may rest assured that we did not neglect to thank our fair friends for the information they had so kindly given us. They also gave us many other useful hints as to the places we ought to see and when and how to see them.

Leaving Phoenix Park, our limbs are beginning to ache from some cause or other, so we engage a seat on the top of a passing tram car and are soon speeding along by the side of the Liffey obtaining a fine view of the numerous bridges that connect the south portion of the city with the north, for the river courses through the center of the town. Our next move is in the direction of Glasnevin cemetery and the botanical gardens. A short distance from the entrance to the cemetery is the O'Connell monument, a plain shaft, but the top is almost lost in the dizzy height. The simple word "O'Connell" neatly cut on the base is the only inscription. A flight of steps leads down to the tomb. Here the locked gate barred our way, but we finally prevailed on the keeper to open it for us, even although it was a little infringement on his rules. Here is a complete circle with a series of vaults on either side. In the center is another gate; inside this is the resting place of the great orator. We entered here with a feeling of awe. There is the coffin resting on a raised marble tablet enclosed by a strong iron railing. The space between the bars was sufficient to admit of our reaching through and

placing our hand on the polished oak casket which contained the mouldering ashes of Ireland's greatest statesman and liberator. This tomb and the adjoining vaults have been opened during the last few years. The old site is some distance northward near the center of the grounds. There must be at least nearly a couple of hundred acres in this city of the dead, and as in every country we have visited, the system of leveling the ground prevails; no mound to mark the last resting place of a departed friend. The method appeared odious to us, but no doubt it must be a great saving of labor. A very neat chapel is located near the entrance; and avenues of beautiful Irish yews, tall and arching at the top over the neatly kept paths.

About half a mile eastward of this the botanical gardens are located; very extensive grounds and we suppose every species of plants known in the vegetable kingdom are represented, and many fine specimens are to be seen in and out of doors. We had foolishly formed the idea that we knew something about flowers, plants and trees, but after looking over this grand display conclude in a rather crestfallen sort of spirit that our knowledge was but very superficial. However, it does one good sometimes to have their ignorance shown up, and we hope the experience may prove beneficial to us some day. In strolling through the suburbs of the city we met with some very curious people. The most of the country produce is brought to market in small carts drawn by donkeys. Most of these hardy animals are very diminutive. Seeing dozens of them driving along the turnpike is a very amusing sight to a stranger. Of course, we felt at home and therefore at liberty to exchange a joke with some of them. One very small donkey dragging quite a good sized load of peat for fuel, took our attention. Seated on the top of the load was an extremely corpulent lady, would certainly weigh at the lowest calculation three hundred pounds, avordupois. In her hand she held an ominous sprig of shillalah. The picture did look too funny and we could not resist the temptation of accosting her. "Poor fellow," we said rather sympathetically, "he is too small for such a heavy burden," at the same time looking rather archly at the fat lady. Her answer was ready, "Arrah cushla, and its lazy he is, the blackguard," and commenced a

terrible on-slaught on the small creature. Of course, we were sorry that the poor little donkey should get such a severe drubbing through our interference, and this was another telling hint to us not to meddle in others' family affairs. However, we left the lady in very good humor with the kind words on her lips. "Arrah mesha, good luck to you, me darlint."

Here the people generally speak the most charming style of English it has ever been our good fortune to hear. Their pronunciation is perfect and the voice has a sweet musical tone about it that commands attention; indeed we loved to hear the beautiful dark-eyed colleens rolling forth this beautiful style of English.

Taking the train southward, you pass through a love'y country, thrift and industry are to be seen at nearly every homestead, but like our own country at home, there are numbers of idlers and agitators whose only method of earning a living is by agitating some question in which the farmer has a slight grievance, and this is one of the greatest evils which affects the isle of Erin. The industrious, law-abiding citizen is just as much opposed to this state of agitation, crime and murder as any loyal citizen of the United States. On through the county Kerry the farms are well cultivated. In this direction we soon reach Tipperary. This district is of a somewhat boggy nature, the farms not so extensive and the cabins much smaller, but even here there is happiness, for we can hear the sweet, plaintive melody, "Kathleen Mavourneen," then a more lively air from Aileen as she stands at the door of her father's humble cabin. Oh, could you love a fair Irish girl whose heart is as light as a fairy. Oh, could you love a nice Irish girl from the county of sweet Tipperary. It warmed our heart to think that there was so much happiness and rollicking humor in the country districts. The town of Tipperary is quite large and a very pretty place; indeed, we loved to linger there, but the return part of our ticket is pointing us to Edinburgh at an early date. A little to the west of this is Kilkenny, with a fine old castle near by. A celebrated breed of cats is raised in this section. How profitable the business may be we are unable to say. We have not time to get so far as the famous lakes of Killarney, so will leave them and the Blarney Stone for our next

visit. One hundred and twenty miles north of Dublin is the fine city of Belfast. The people and the landscape here have pretty much a Scottish appearance, but we must hurry, for it is nearing harvest and we must spend a few days among the blooming heather on the Grampian hills.

LETTER NO. 10.

ON THE GRAMPIAN HILLS.

About the last week in August is the proper time to visit this historic range of mountains, for then you can behold the splendor and the magnificent glories of a high-land landscape. The atmosphere is pleasantly cool and bracing. The whole aspect of the country has assumed a beautiful pinkish hue for the heather is now in full flower and its fragrance pervades the hilltops, the rugged slopes and the valleys below. In appearance this hardy little plant is a dwarfish, bushy shrub from ten to eighteen inches in height, the leaves fine and have a good deal of resemblance to some of the varieties of yews. The delicate pink flowers are borne in racemes, presenting a very pleasant and striking appearance. This is the hardiest of the *Erica* family, growing and luxuriating in the most sterile mountain districts, but it most absolutely refuses to be transferred to another location; indeed, this beautiful species will not thrive under cultivation, and is, therefore entirely indigenous to those barren mountain slopes. The soil in which it finds a congenial home is one of blackish turfy nature, and large tracts are dug up, or rather skinned every year, for the fibrous roots of the plant and the turfy soil burns nicely giving out a strong cheerful glow, the red ashes retaining the heat for a considerable length of time. The mountain cottages depend largely on this for protection from the cold during the long snowy winter months.

In this section of the country, although you are standing on a highly elevated platform, being many feet above sea level, you fail to discover a solitary tree as far as your eye can reach, and you can see a long distance if the day be clear. The most conspicuous portion of this long chain is mount Battock, its summit bordering on three counties, Aberdeen, Kincardine and Forfar.

A magnificent view is obtained at this spot, and you are completely hemmed in by mountains. Away at the base in the valley below the picture is curious and grotesque. A bluish smoke is seen slowly oozing and curling upwards from a shieling, almost hidden in the deep recess of some ravine. A crystal streamlet is wimpling in many roundings and turnings through the sombre green valley. Here and there are small patches of cultivated land, while scattered through the glen are numerous sheep folds used in securing the flocks at shearing time, for this is really a pastoral district, the flocks being numbered by thousands and pastures miles instead of acres. Many shepherds, accompanied by their trusty canine friends, are to be seen lazily seated on some sunny knoll watching their fleecy charge dotted so thickly over the mountain side. We wonder if any of these Grampian shepherds are the father of young Norval, who is said to have fed his flocks in this region, exercising the most rigid frugality, also taking the greatest care to keep his boy Norval at home, but like many other parents who have wise plans and purposes laid out for their children, old Mr. Nerval had the mortification of seeing his wayward boy, an only son, follow a fierce, warlike chief to the field to seek that bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth.

Thinking of these old stories, the feeling of quietude becomes almost unbearable. What a strange stillness to one not used to such scenes! Scarcely a sound is heard save the bleating of the herds and the faint murmuring of some distant streamlet hurrying and rushing down the rugged steeps to join the larger stream in the valley below. Sometimes, though, this peaceful monotony is broken by some solitary shepherd attempting to amuse himself and beguile the passing hour by practicing on the bagpipes. The melody is very pleasing; indeed, this is the only place in which this class of music is endurable. It is sweet and soul-stirring to hear the pibroch sounding deep over the mountain and glen.

Looking southward from this elevated spot, a beautiful view of the valley of Lochlee is obtained with a small lake at the head of the glen. A church, a few thatched cottages and several small farm houses and shielings, are located in this curious cavity among the mountains, but although it is very pleasant in this re-

gion during the summer, and we behold nature in its wildest grandeur and the scenery all that could be desired, yet a stranger would not relish passing a winter among them, for the snowfall is extremely lengthy and very heavy, very often lasting for months. We had the courage to hint to one of the parishioners that it must be a very difficult task getting to the sanctuary on Sunday to hear the word expounded during these violent and protracted snow storms and drifts which this region is so often subjected to during the winter months. To our astonishment, a peculiar smile gathered on his usually sober serious, face as he answered our remarks. He very soon let us know that it was a good deal more pleasant to attend church in the winter than during the long summer days. This seemed rather funny, so we were obliged to call for an explanation, which was given as follows: "You see, there are some advantages in attending church services in the depth of winter that are never thought of during the summer, a real spiritual advantage." "How can that be," we inquired. "Well," he continued with the same broad grin of pleasure on his face, "winter a year ago was a very severe one hereabouts, the snow much deeper and lasted longer than any I had ever seen before and I am a pretty old man; have seen nearly three score and ten of them, and the drifts were something extraordinary. It smothered entire herds of sheep in yonder hollow away up the glen. Why, sir, you have nothing to equal it in North America, you hav'nt." "Well," was replied, "that may be so; but what has this terrible snow storm got to do with making it a pleasure in attending divine service during the winter in access of summer." "Well," he said, "I was just about reaching that point when you interrupted me. This pleasant business began one very stormy Sunday and the snow was fearful deep, reaching most to our knees. Only six of us made our way and reached the kirk. The beadle had excavated a way to the door and built a fire, but the place was awfully cold; no seraphic fire in the building that day. Of course, Sandy McNabb, the minister's man and beadle informed his master as to the extent and condition of his congregation, whereupon he determined on seeing us at the parsonage, so much more pleasant there he thought, of course for him; he did not have to

tackle the deep snow. Ah, preachers are far-seeing and know a great deal, and sometimes we fancy think on topics that are nearly the reverse of sacred. As he surmised it was decidedly pleasant. Sandy, with a bow, ushered Duncan McTavish, myself and the other four into the best room, where the parson was sitting toasting his feet at a cheerful peat fire. "My friends," he began in solemn tones, "be seated. Your piety is certainly deserving of reward, coming out on such a day, and really your presence was not expected this sabbath day, consequently no sermon has been prepared." So, as he could not warm our hearts with a spiritual lesson, he would endeavor to instil warmth into our physical nature by infusing into us a flowing dram of real old mountain whisky, and he assured us that it would do us more good on such a day than twenty sermons, and he was right, for we started home with merry hearts rejoicing. We kept it up every Sunday as long as the snowy weather continued which was several months, and you may rest assured that the whole party were sorry when the warm sun dispelled the snow, the minister included." We could not help laughing at the aged mountaineer's earnestness. "Last winter," he remarked, "was a complete failure, for the weather was open the entire season, consequently no pleasant parsonage meetings." The idea was an entirely new one to us, but on the whole a good one and a commendable plan on the part of the parson, and we could not help thinking that our ministerial friends at home would do well in imitating this Scotch divine a little, if it did not come up to their proper standard of piety. Such a course would most certainly insure a full attendance no matter how inclement the weather might be, and no doubt the contribution box would profit by it also.

Leaving our loquacious friend in bright anticipations of the coming winter, our eyes scan the western horizon. What a protracted chain, Glenisla, Clova and many other beautiful glens and valleys, where the blood of many a gallant chief has stained the heather. At the western extremity of this chain is the spot where the witches met the great Macbeth and barred his way with such prophetic greeting, really a weird and fanciful spot; just in keeping with the dark tragedy enacted. Eastward is the famous Stone of Cloknabane, an immense

natural structure of rock leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees towards the south, and a stranger is very apt to conclude that its overturn is certain, but there it remains a curious object for visitors. Southward and we come to another lower range.

Among these the famous hill of Wirren is the most conspicuous and by far the prettiest of the series. Several kinds of fruits are found growing here in abundance, blue huckleberries and auverns being the best and most plentiful, the former very large and palatable, the latter in much the style and shape of the wild strawberry, but it has a very bitter acrid flavor. Abundance of pure water is found bubbling up in many places along the mountain side. A luxuriant growth of water cresses covers the cool limpid stream as it meanders down the hill. Drinking from these crystal fountains and partaking of the crisp, pungent cress is certainly very pleasant and refreshing. Game of a certain class is here found in abundance, hares and grouse. The first is rather an interesting animal, in appearance is much the shape and form of our rabbit, but much larger. Its peculiarity lies in the changeableness of its color. During the summer it presents a bluish gray, towards fall the hue is much lighter and by christmas its fur assumes a beautiful snow-white appearance, and this is the proper season for hunting. The other species is a very pretty bird about three times the size of our partridge or quail. The color is a glossy blackish brown, habit much the same as the quail. The season for hunting commences on the 12th of August, and we can already hear the sharp crack of the sportsman's fowling piece.

On a short distance further south is yet a still lower range of hills. The principal of these are the Catterthun's, three in number, the white, brown and gray. Warlike bands several centuries ago occupied these low hills as a battle-ground. It was supposed to be a lawless marauding band called the Caterines, but the history is far from being authentic, but the appearance of the place certainly indicates that large bodies of men had encamped there some day. The White Cater is the most notable of the three, and many pleasure seekers frequent it during the summer months. The south side is thickly covered with larch timber, the trees near the

summit being rather dwarfish and stunted. In the center of the rounded top is a curious cavity, the huge walls of rough loose boulders rising twelve to fifteen feet above it. There are several acres in this hollowed circle, all naturally set in grass, very soft and pleasant to walk upon. We understand it has become a celebrated place for holding picnics. The Brown is about a mile east of the White and is covered with a luxuriant crop of heather, furze and broom. We spent several very pleasant days on these two hills with very kind and agreeable companions. We even had the pleasure of meeting the "lass of Gowrie." Such running and leaping and rolling and turning, but our limbs did ache by eventide.

After this comes the lowlands with rich farms and beautiful fields teeming with wavy yellow grain ready for harvest, and from all quarters the song of the reapers are heard, and above all other noise and tumult the familiar whir of the American reaper falls upon our ear, for no farm be it ever so small is considered complete without it has one or more of these machines. The people are not tortured with jealousy because we have fairly eclipsed and superceded them in the manufacture of agricultural implements; on the contrary they are proud to think that they are capable of working an article of American production and willingly give us credit for having that ingenuity which has made the American nation famous all the world over. The country here is well adapted for the use of these grand Champion reapers so popular in the United States, the fields being very smooth, no stumps to drive around, no ugly pieces of rock projecting to cause mishap or breakage, consequently they can be set to cut very close to the ground. The crops are also much thicker and finer in the straw than is generally seen on our farms in Kentucky. The laborers complain a little that it is much harder work following these reapers than the scythe and sickle. They say there is no chance for them to raise their head at all; but no doubt this will be remedied to a certain extent in a few years, for some of the most wealthy farmers have already introduced the new twine binder, but they do not seem to comprehend this complicated machine; indeed, it requires a person possessed of considerable mechanical ingenuity to fully understand these great labor-saving institutions.

As we wandered about among the merry harvesters, we could not help thinking what a grand field of operation this would be for our esteemed friend, Edward Myall. How beautifully could he describe these self-binders and how grandly and minutely could he instruct them in the mysteries of working them. We are satisfied that he would either explain and convince, or assist these industrious Scottish farmers to their last resting place. It would have given us much pleasure to have had our friend with us in these sweet harvest scenes.

Time is passing and the mornings and evenings are becoming slightly cool and unpleasant, and we are beginning to look with a longing eye homeward, having seen a good deal of our native land, and though our home no more, yet very dear to us, its history and its associations swell our heart almost to overflowing. There is a strange feeling of joy and sadness comes over us as the day is set for our return; joy on the one hand that if all went well with us, we would soon again behold the beautiful stars and stripes floating proudly in the breeze and waving above our head protectingly; on the other hand, how sad to leave every kindred tie we had on earth, and many dear little ones unwilling to bid us good bye. A sweet little two year old girl even volunteered to go with us; bless her dear little heart, we never can forget her. It is now the middle of September and we will soon be on our way to Glasgow, homeward bound.

LETTER NO. 11.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

There are naturally more exciting scenes at the departure of a steamship from a European port than a vessel leaving the American side, for in the latter case most of the passengers are in expectancy of a speedy return to the shores of freedom, while in the former nearly all are leaving their native land perhaps forever. Friday, September 15th, finds us once more in Glasgow, joining with and helping to swell the busy throng.

At Mavis Bank Key lies the steamship *State of Indiana*. Towards this our steps are directed, for we have resolved to take passage in her even though she did sail on Friday, that terrible unlucky day. However, they say we were born on the sixth day of the week, so it can make no difference, for according to superstitious ideas, it cannot change our fate. We are compelled to draw a veil over our own departure, and become interested in what is taking place around us. All passengers are aboard, and at 1:20 p. m. the moorings are loosened, and the vessel drops slowly from the pier. The number of onlookers is something extraordinary. Some are there through curiosity, others are bidding good-bye to friends and loved ones, and many perhaps have said a last farewell, for we notice many standing on the pier with hearts bowed down in sadness, the tears of honest affection coursing down many a furrowed cheek, and youthful eyes are also filled with moisture; no doubt there are parents, brothers and sisters, and there may be sweethearts seeing loved ones off for the glorious land of their adoption, the "home of the brave and the free."

What a funny motley spectacle the fine steamer presents as she drifts down the Clyde, people of every grade and temperament. What a promiscuous assortment of trunks and boxes, from the finest traveling outfit to

the old-fashioned skin covered trunk that had been handed down from generation to generation perhaps for centuries; hundreds of strange looking bundles apparently containing more weight of twine in wrapping than the contents of the package. What a number of curious tin boxes, hand satchels and portmoniaes. Here we notice that the tin box is an indispensable article in a lady's outfit. True, we are unable to say knowingly what it contains, but have our suspicions that it must be hats or bonnets of the latest fashion, no doubt. There are no ringing cheers to encourage us over the pathless deep, for there were too many sad hearts to admit of any show of merry making. Perhaps with a sigh those on shore turn away after a long look at the gallant ship fast disappearing in the distance.

As the shades of evening deepen, amidst a thick drizzling rain, we, along with many others, watch the receding shores of the Mull of Cantyre on the one side and the beautiful Ayrshire coast on the other. Morning finds us once more embracing the coast of Erin, and touch the pier at the quaint little town of Larne, twenty miles north of Belfast. Here we are detained for fifteen hours until the cargo of freight and the passenger list are completed. The day being fine it gave a good opportunity of enjoyment on shore. Abundance of jaunting cars are ready for hire to take you through all the pleasant drives about the place, and really there is a good deal to be seen. The long stretch of beautiful, snowy, pebbly beach is perfectly charming. We could not resist the temptation of gathering some relics on the shore, for they looked so pretty. This place used to be the largest and finest lime producing district in the country, many crafts being engaged in conveying it to the different ports; but of late years the introduction of railroads has changed the commerce to other places leaving old Larne only doing a small business in this industry. The State Line Steamship Company has made it a place of considerable importance by making it a stopping point for their steamers out and in.

At midnight, after having spent a very pleasant day, all is readiness for sea, and we are soon standing out towards the ocean. We felt a little uneasy, for it was a noticeable fact that the ship's crew had been spending the day rather gloriously, imbibing too freely of the celebrated Irish poteen, and we were also aware that the

coast was a dangerous one, requiring skill and sobriety to navigate safely through among those treacherous hidden rocks, but the approach of daylight dispelled our fears, for nearly all landmarks had disappeared and the motion of the vessel indicated that she was getting into the swell of the Atlantic and deep water. Large waves were breaking over the deck both fore and aft. The sumptuous breakfast table is all but deserted, and the savory victuals are left untouched. Out of the eighty persons belonging to our tables only six of us put in an appearance. Heads ache, hearts are sad, and stomachs in a very unsettled condition. Our fair companions suffered severely; indeed, the condition of many of them was most wretched, and were this to be called the most miserable of days it would be a very fitting term, and we have no doubt had our passengers been placed on *terra firma* at this moment, ninety-nine per cent. of them would have preferred remaining there.

Although it was Sunday, no church bells are ringing inviting us to worship, not because of any lack of ministers, for there were eight or ten of different denominations on board, but they, too, felt that mother ocean was more than a match for their physical constitution, and therefore unable to hold meetings and preach the word. We were not to say alarmed to find so many clergy among us, but our astonishment knew no bounds. What on earth could be inducing them to try their fortunes in America? The gentlemen were certainly making a mistake, for we were fully satisfied there were but few openings in the religious profession in that country and always plenty of home talent to fill the ranks as the aged veterans step off the stage of life. However, there they were from the street evangelist to the most Puritanic Presbyterian. We never did ascertain what part of the country they were bound for or really what they proposed doing, but we could not help thinking to ourself that they were making pretty much a wild goose chase of it.

During the afternoon a slight mishap occurred. The hatches away forward had been opened to admit of ventilation for the steerage apartments, when a heavy wave broke over the bow and rushed down the open hatchways entirely deluging the rooms below and partially submerging and scaring the occupants. However,

no serious damage was done save making it very unpleasant for a short time. On the whole the merry party of the night before have all but disappeared. Strong men in the full vigor of manhood are stricken down, eyes cast down and faces pale and haggard. The sweetest of feminine loveliness is completely prostrated, and moans of deepest anguish are escaping from the pale lips of those so brilliant and entertaining the evening before. The soft couches in the saloon are not more exempt from sickness than those huddled together on the hard, filthy boards of the steerage,

At 10 p. m. the sea is much the same, wind fresh from northwest. Put out the main sail to help steady the vessel a little. Next morning, the third day out, the weather, wind and water, exhibit no changes. We cannot begin to do justice in describing the picture, can only leave it to imagination. About five hundred people congregated on the wet, slippery deck of a ship at sea only partially recovered from the effects of the two first nights rolling and tossing on the briny deep, rocked in the cradle of perpetual motion. Meet the steamship *Anchorita*, of the Anchor line, bound for the Clyde. All well. Fourth day the weather is more pleasant, passengers feeling better and hopes becoming brighter; indeed, we can detect a faint smile on the faces of some of our fair companions. This was a sure indication that the worst was over. A very fine horse through the lurching and tossing of the steamer, gets broke down and dies. The carcass is soon hoisted by steam power and dropped over from the forecastle, food for the sharks and large fishes. We could not help thinking as the fine animal drifted astern how soon some of our human family might share the same fate, a sailor's burial, dropped into the mighty deep with a scann's cloak around them. Night comes again, throwing its sable mantle over the deep. The sea is comparatively smooth. Shifting breeze from north to south, not filling the sail on the foreyards; the main staystails are furled, and all retire early, hopeful of securing a pleasant night's rest, which the steady motion of the vessel promised.

Fifth day. How the many hearts on board bounded with delight on opening their eyes. After a night of comfortable repose, the once turbulent waters now

smooth and calm, not a ripple on its surface, like a polished mirror glistening and sparkling in the sunlight, the fine vessel gliding swiftly making twelve knots an hour. Most of our fellow passengers are on deck seemingly happy, bright and cheerful and not without hope. 'The ladies' smiles are real now, the fair cheeks have all but lost the ashy paleness of the previous days, and the children are romping about in high glee. Even the ship surgeon is idly folding his hands or at times playing shuffle board with the young folks. By-the way, this is a very good occupation for doctors generally. The wind veers round to nearly south and the yards are again set filling moderately. The dinner table is crowded, which fact explains the condition of the passengers. Some have strong walking propensities, very good amusement, walking the plank without a break, keeping the motion of the ship. Some of the young ladies skip the rope to perfection. One of the Alan line steamers pass us to the starboard bound for Glasgow. Have divine service and sacred reading at 8 p. m., rather slimly attended, many other recreations being in progress at the time. Rain sets in with a stiff head wind, and we are once more running under bare poles.

Sixth day. Fair and bright, water smooth and pleasant, other features on board much the same as the preceding. We find very agreeable companions in the MacGregor brothers, no doubt descendants of the ancient clans from the romantic districts of Loch Lomond.

Seventh day. Very little change observable. All are happy and hopeful; we suspect, though, that there are some slight flirtations going on, but we are far from being skillful or perceptive in such matters and may be mistaken.

Eight day. Cool and very foggy, smooth water, large shoals of porpoises seen sporting in the water, and two large dolphins descried a mile to leeward. By noon the haze clears away and we have the pleasure of a beautiful moonlight night. Pass a Norwegian bark bound for Montreal.

Ninth day. Sunday, very foggy, for we are on the banks of Newfoundland, and the prevalence of the seaweed indicates that our vessel is in the gulf stream. Three days more of fair weather will bring us to the

port of New York. Have divine service morning and evening, and the ninth day passes very quietly.

Tenth day. Still foggy and damp. Have an exhibition showing the dexterity of the crew in handling the life boats in case of accident. The fire department is also called out to prove their efficiency in subduing the flames in case of fire. To us landsmen it was a novel and interesting sight, but were much better pleased to have it a sham performance than reality. The lights of Cape Race are observed about midnight many miles to larboard.

Eleventh day. We are nearing land. At 5 a. m. have the pleasure of seeing the comet; cannot say whether we were the discoverer or not. It had a fine appearance with the tail reflected on the smooth water astern of us. The day is fine and the steamer is ploughing the waves beautifully. At noon we are only three hundred miles off Sandy Hook. There is a fair wind and a strong, bowling sea on, and all on board are bright and merry and as night deepens all join in singing "Auld Lang Syne," for it was the last night we would be together. Even the clergymen lay aside their solemn looks and smile in a manner they had perhaps never done before.

Twelfth day. Early morning finds us within sight of the lighthouse off Nantucket, and soon the shores of Rhode Island are visible, then the coast of Manhattan with fine buildings discernable on the beach. Pass the lightship, skirt the coast of Long Island and by noon we are off Sandy Hook, sixteen miles from New York. The water is thickly studded with crafts of all shapes and sizes, some standing out to sea, others like ourselves making for port. Governor and Staten islands loom up before us as we approach the Narrows. Something strikes us that the country we are approaching is America, for on a rocky promontory in large letters visible a mile distant is an advertisement of the great tonic, Hop Bitters. Pass the forts and we behold the glories of New York harbor, with the grand suspension bridge connecting Williamsburg with New York in the distance. The fine harbor presents a lively picture, and to give a good description would fill many pages, so we leave it for the present.

At 3 p. m. we touch the pier and are soon once more

on *terra firma*. Adieus are said, and our happy family separate with little hope of ever meeting again. The custom house officers are very courteous and kind, being easily satisfied in examining our baggage. Spend a short time in the Empire City, and conclude that it is about the liveliest place we have seen during our travels. A home feeling comes over us and we look wistfully further westward; take passage on the B. and O. R. R. and speed along through New Jersey and Delaware. The centennial grounds are passed, then our train is ferried across the bay to Baltimore, where there is several hours delay, giving us time to partake of the worst dish of oysters we had ever tasted, which convinced us that these bivalves improve by being shipped some distance from their natural element. See the spires and turrets of the capital as we pass; skirt along the shores of the great Potomac. All was quiet, no din of battle; but its waters were rushing and filling the banks. Pass Harper's Ferry; did not see John Brown, neither did we stop, but like his soul, we kept marching on; through the Cumberland valley and the famous Blue Ridge mountains; cross the Ohio river at Parkersburg and soon reach the Queen City, then by steamer *Telegraph* to Maysville.

Home again, fifteen days from Glasgow; distance nearly four thousand miles; cost of the trip in the neighborhood of \$300. Hand shaking, kind embraces and pleasant words are awaiting us. How our heart bounded with joy to grasp the hand of those dear friends extending us such a hearty welcome. The sight of those kind faces almost unnerve us; indeed, it is too much for us so down goes the curtain; let tender words be spoken only behind the scenes.

Now we are done, having written these letters in a simple way just as the incidents happened, so please do not be too critical. Wishing our friends on either side of the Atlantic best wishes and a happy new year, not forgetting to wish the NEW REPUBLICAN and its thousands of kind readers a happy and prosperous new year, we bow our head and say adieu.

These letters were written for the NEW REPUBLICAN at the close of the year 1882.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SCOTCH WEDDING.

During our summer rambles in Scotland we had the good fortune to receive an invitation to be present at one of those most blissful occasions, a genuine Scotch wedding. They still adhere to the same old custom of a quarter of a century ago. The calling of the bans is the starting point, this is done in the parish church, on usually the three Sundays preceding the marriage. Some by paying a little more get off with one Sunday in church, as they call it, the cost of this is from \$2 to \$5; then the day and the hour is fixed and the minister asked to perform the ceremony. This he cheerfully complies with, although he receives no pecuniary recompense for his trouble, for he never loses sight of the fact that marriage is a sacrament and consequently considers it to be his duty to administer same to the members of his congregation free of charge, often driving many miles in the country on this peculiar business at his own expense. You may rest assured that we availed ourselves of the kind invitation and were on hand in good time to see the nuptial knot securely fastened. The impatient bridegroom reported at the residence of the bride's parents nearly an hour before the time appointed. This is a very common mistake on the part of the sterner sex all the world over, for they have not the proper appreciation or enough consideration as to the mysteries of a lady's toilet, and the length of time to make her presentable. A goodly number of friends and relations have arrived, among them many bonnie country lassies; the parson is seen coming in the distance with slow and solemn steps, on such an errand. A curious stillness prevails as he enters, the groom stands up with a pale frightened look about him, he no doubt realizes the importance of the extraordinary step he is taking, the bride comes forward, very bashful

and modest, a scarlet blush mantles her cheek, the usual Presbyterian questions are asked and answered in the affirmative: I pronounce you husband and wife, join hands sayeth the preacher, and all is over. Like magic the whisky bottle comes upon the scene, the reverend gentleman is the first to propose the health of the newly united couple, and wishing them the fullness of joy and future happiness quaffs off his glass and has the consideration to leave at once. The company is greatly relieved at his departure, for the mirth becomes fast and furious. Supper is spread with true Scotch fare, including good large bannocks of oaten meal, full justice done then beer goes round, the rooms are cleared then dancing begins after another round of Mountain Dew. Such leaping and swinging, twisting and turning, it certainly made us laugh our fill, there was scarcely breathing time for three long hours. Before midnight the merry makers are beginning to show the effects of the three hours active exercise. We then remembered that the clergyman had neglected part of his duty—namely, kissing the bride, of course we very blushingly performed it for him, at the same time taking very good care to notice that the groom had just stepped out. However the young lady was a near relative of ours, so it did no harm, and thus the evening is spent very pleasantly and at the wee sma hours, after partaking of a parting glass of Glenlivet each laddie takes his lassie and homeward take their way, leaving the happy couple in blissful solitude. None were full, but simply merry, vowing oft to meet again some other day.

A NIGHT ON THE IRISH SEA.

If you have a desire to get well shaken up, or are suffering from a serious attack of biliousness, or if you feel out of sorts with the world generally—in other words having a chronic disposition to be despondent, or if you are materially affected with matters pertaining to the heart, or if some foolish differences have occurred in affairs connected with affections, or if a life of extravagance has placed you in a desperate mood, or if you have resolved to shun society through blighted prospective happiness, or if you have quarreled with your better-

half from imaginary causes and left her to provide for herself, or if your sweetheart has said some meaningless words and you have demanded the return of the engagement ring and left her in anger but with a choking sensation in your throat, or if you have made up your mind to turn sailor and run away for that purpose, or if your parents have been rebellious and cut off the financial supply and you get offended and rush off to distant climes, or if you feel that you have a great deal more brains than people credit you with and you feel that you are not in the proper place to be appreciated in justice to your merits, or if you have an idea that everybody has some spite against you and wish you at Hong-kong, or if you have the least idea that there is a rival in the way and danger of your becoming morbid, or if your girl's father kindly sees you safe at the garden gate at the point of a No. 9 boot and you become indignant at the liberties he is taking with you, and feel determined that you will resent it, or if your Lady Love gives you a hint that some body else has more money, than you, and you stand on your dignified manhood and leave her forever and defiantly. There is nothing in the world that will affect such a speedy cure or bring you more quickly to your senses than spending a night on the Irish sea on one of those miserable trading steamers that ply between Liverpool, Glasgow and the different points on the Irish coast. Such rocking and tossing, rolling and pitching, and what a promiscuous medley of a cargo cattle and horses, sheep and pigs, dressed meat in bokes (doubtless slaughtered a week ago judging from the odor emitted) game in hampers (probably been traveling by rail for several days) herrings in boxes (just on the eve of being spoiled), heavy crates of vegetables, add to the already fragrant atmosphere. All these are well secured on deck, and the wild fretful chopping sea keeps them well submerged with brine during the night, for wave after wave is breaking over and rushing from one side of the deck to the other. Last but not least is the passenger stowed away under hatches, here each individual has much as he can attend to in looking after himself, and many times finds it a good deal more than he is able to perform, for indeed he is often led to believe that though there is no immediate danger of getting drowned, yet there is certainly great risk of his

being turned inside out ; it is no unusual thing to see a dozens of people thrown off their feet and huddled into a heap together, the steamer lurching and creaking as if she was a thing of life in the death throes, and by the time the night is half over, you come to the conclusion that all of the ills and ailments you have ever been subjected to on shore are but a foretaste of paradise compared with this, and you are perfectly willing to endure those grievances which had before appeared unbearable, if indeed there are any hopes of your surviving until morning under this Irish sea treatment. But one by one the hours are passing, and by and by more dead than alive you find yourself in Dublin Bay, or Waterford, or perchance Cork harbor, with pale cheeks and haggard countenance, bones aching, the limbs tottering and feeble, and the stomach in a very weak and unsettled condition, in fact you feel entirely cured of everything else save this terrible Irish sea distemper.

THE OLD LETTER.

What wonderful and interesting associations are clustered around the time bedimmed pages of an old letter, what visions a perusal of it awakens ; what thoughts of retrospection fills the mind as we gaze on the bold round lettering of some business transaction of years ago, perhaps the dim leaf and neatly written lines is the beginning of a correspondence on which the foundation of a prosperous business career has been laid ; the successful merchant looks and smiles upon it with the fullest sense of pride and pleasure, he compares the present with the past, his surroundings speak for the present, while the seared page reminds him of the past, and a lowly condition perhaps, and so it is filed away as a precious relic of years gone by. Then there is the friendly missive, the page sear and yellow, years have drifted past since it was written, the little green mound in the quiet church yard is all that marks the last resting place of the kind hearted writer, how we scrutinize the faded slip of paper, turn it over and over, read and re-read it ! In some part we may detect a vein of humor which almost invokes a smile, and awakens in our mind a vivid picture of the merry smiling face of the author, then the next page may possess a pathos and earnestness that we cannot help feeling how true and

devoted the friendship had been, then the last side, what a peculiar seriousness it inspires, there is even a shivering feeling of sadness steals over the mind, for it is the last reminiscence of an honest heart; we turn it over again, and again, then with a sigh fold and carefully lay it away, while the fulness of the heart breathes forth in poetic ardor.

Faded page, oh precious treasure,
Full of hopes and kindly favor,
The oftener read it pleases better,
Those seared lines of a dear old letter.

Last, but not least, comes the page on which affection lines are written, every word breathes but the language of the heart, how tenderly the thoughts are conveyed, then again what passionate appeals, what pleadings, what assurances of devotion, what misgivings, hopes and fears, are traceable on this worn, musty slip of paper. We read and ponder, and follow the peculiar, yet familiar formation of each letter even into minuteness, for the fingers of a loved one had traced the delicate lines which an affectionate heart had suggested; time has worn the lustre of newness, but the flimsy creased paper speaks to the heart of what had been, and also of what might have been. Years ago, its perusal might have filled the soul with bitterness, we may have thought that it carried blighting influence within the well constructed sentences. These animosities are all canceled now, time, the great reasoner, has done its work, for we can now look upon all with the same font of affection, as we fondle and caress the crumpled piece of paper, and thus we look and read and think, then think and read again, and so it gives pleasure and sometimes pain, but which ever it may be it will certainly make us better and truer men and women, in a leisure hour to look over and study the contents of a dear old letter.





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